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THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 17, 1977 60 cents

Carter's Welfare Reform
A Piece of Complicated Gimmickry
Elliott Currie

STILL SCALPING THE INDIANS

CONGRESS IS THE PROBLEM ***Peter Kovler***

RACISM AND FISHING RIGHTS ***John H. Moore***

PHONY CONSUMER GROUPS
David H. Rothman

Mark Shechner / Th ***ng***

SEP 19 '77

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LETTERS

no pat for looters

San Francisco, Calif.

Because your magazine has been doing what it's been doing for 1112 years, I dislike criticizing. However . . .

I find a statement in your editorial ["People in the Dark," Aug. 6-13], both offensive and counterproductive. You write, "But is it accurate or decent to blame the wave of looting . . . on the poor who did the stealing? In our opinion, it is not . . ."

Then who is to blame? Until individuals take responsibility for their actions, we will continue to flounder in a verbose and ineffective defensiveness with everybody finding a different scapegoat. The looters clearly don't give a damn for "the system" and why should they when they are systematically excluded from it? But until those angry, excluded people organize into a potent political force, they will continue to be excluded.

Your accurate descriptions of what followed their self-destructive looting (the "cruel and sensational" reporting, Con Ed's cavalier PR, and Carter's piety) show just how indifferent "the system" is, but to therefore pat looters on the head is no way to notify them what *they* must do.

John D. Dolan

better "life on the job"

Los Altos, Calif.

In response to Bill Smoot's article, "Life on the Job" [*The Nation*, July 23-30], I say there's no reason to give up.

One basic solution to the problem of dissatisfaction with monotony of factory work could be resolved with the development of a program which uses the full potential of computers, data processing equipment, machinery and mass-production methods. From 1900 on, with relative rudimentary improvements, we have been able to reduce the work week from sixty hours to fifty-four, to forty-eight to forty-four, to forty, and now in some instances, to as low as twenty-five hours.

In all probability, the utilization of the newer and more sophisticated expertise which has been developed can be instrumental in the improvement of our standard of living by decreasing the work week to four or five hours a day; and because of these efficiencies and adequate production, the same pay scales could be maintained.

Simply put, all we need is a correlation of effort among management, labor, government sociologists, psychologists, scientists and an overall "architect" to make a blueprint!

A. A. Fischer, D.D.S.

Rockwell and the B-1

St. Petersburg, Fla.

In an editorial entitled "Cheers and Tears" [June 22, 1970] *The Nation* reported that on June 6, 1970 "the Los Angeles area was in a state of euphoria" because North American Rockwell Corp. was awarded the $1.35 billion research and development contract for the B-1 bomber. Your editorial also noted that the contract was estimated to generate 43,000 jobs at a time when the Los Angeles area was experiencing 5.9 percent unemployment. Jubilation was felt not only in the Los Angeles area but also at the New York Stock Exchange.

Now, seven years later, there was another reason for jubilation in the Los Angeles area; this time, however, a rather private one. According to the press of August 6, two of Rockwell's top executives had sold $1.4 million worth of personal stock in the firm on June 20—just ten days before President Carter surprised the world with his decision to scrap the B-1 program. The press adds that some Congressmen are calling for investigation of the transaction. So let us wait to see who, this time, has the cheers and who the tears.

Jan Reiner

EDITORIALS

The Absence of Castro

As Latin American heads of state gathered in Washington last week to bless the proposed Canal treaty, one of them, Fidel Castro, was conspicuously absent. He was not invited to the party—which may have been the largest gathering of right-wing dictators in recent history—and the snub was ironic for many reasons. No leader has more passionately urged an end to the American enclave in Panama. Castro's uncompromising Latin nationalism has helped keep more conservative regimes in the Panamanian corner. Also, Castro has been—and will be—an important if indirect factor in winning acceptance for the pact in Panama. Omar Torrijos has long used his friendship with Castro to pacify the Panamanian student Left, and Castro's approval of the treaty may again help to shield Torrijos's vulnerable left flank.

But the greatest irony lies in the fact that Castro's absence reveals as much about American imperialism in 1977 as does the new treaty itself. The experiences of Cuba and Panama with the United States have been similar in many ways. Until 1959, both were economic and political vassals of this country. Panama remains largely in that condition, despite Torrijos's bluster; Castro broke Cuba's economic bonds, but his island's political reality is still enormously influenced by the attitude of its northern neighbor. Since 1960, of course, that attitude has been one of implacable and active hostility. That now seems to be changing. In other words, the canal treaty and the as-yet-incomplete approach to Cuba follow one trend: the stitch-by-stitch unraveling of the cold-war cloak that has so long shrouded our foreign policy.

Yet Fidel was not invited to Washington. Why? Cuban-American relations have improved slowly but steadily for several years; the process did not begin under Carter, and was only temporarily set back by the Cuban intervention in Angola and the renewed terror campaign by CIA-trained Cuban exiles. In recent months a flurry of friendly gestures has taken place, culminating last week in the opening of "interest sections," a grade of diplomatic representation far below the embassy level. Castro's recent pronouncements have taken a moderate tone; so have Carter's. Both are to be congratulated on the progress thus far; Carter's efforts are especially noteworthy, since they do not make his task of winning ratification for the canal treaty any easier. But the fact is that Castro's presence at OAS headquarters in Washington remains unthinkable for both sides.

The main reason for that would seem to be a lingering cold-war hangover, because when the so-called "obstacles" to normalization are considered, it is hard to see why they obstruct. No reasonable person can argue any longer that Castro is attempting to export revolution on a massive scale. The American economic blockade of Cuba should therefore be recognized as one element of an ineffective policy of aggression, and should be dismantled—as was (apparently) the CIA's "secret war" on Cuba. The argument that improved relations should hinge on greater Cuban respect for human rights is laugh-

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able in light of the men President Carter entertained in Washington last week—Videla, Pinochet, Banzer et al.—and of the countries with which we maintain ties: Iran, South Africa, the Soviet Union, etc.

Other problems have slightly more substance. The question of compensation by Cuba for expropriated American-owned properties will require tough negotiation. Castro's troops remain in Angola and may be in other African countries, and while the United States, with armed forces and military advisers all over the world, has no moral platform from which to order Cubans out of Africa, geopolitical realities may allow American negotiators to force Cuban restraint in return for normalized relations.

These matters will slow the speed of rapprochement, but nothing leads one to think the process will be halted. Full diplomatic, travel and trade relations are years off—which is unfortunate—but they can at least be glimpsed. American businessmen sense opportunity in Cuba, a sure harbinger of change. The Cuban exile community is increasingly perceived as a band of dangerous if somewhat pathetic fanatics. The easing of restrictions that has already taken place will bring Americans and Cubans into closer contact and will help build pressure for change.

According to a study released recently by Potomac Associates, a Washington research group, Americans tend to believe that Cuba has much more to gain from normalized relations than we do. If this erroneous notion goes unchallenged it could prove a serious hindrance to the mini-détente in the Caribbean. It is probably true that in the strict economic sense Cuba needs the United States more than we need Cuba. But the same thesis can be advanced regarding the Panama Canal—that in returning it to Panama, we stand to lose much and gain little. The shortsightedness of that perception is pointed up by President Carter's vigorous campaign for ratification. He realizes that times have changed, and the United States can no longer wear its imperialism so openly. It is to be hoped that Carter understands that our anti-Castro crusade is as reprehensible in the eyes of the world as the Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty of 1903. He should apply equal vigor in explaining to Americans that by repairing our past mistakes toward Cuba, we stand to gain immeasurably in international respect.

Kissinger, Haig and the Koreans

It will not astound many Americans to learn that Henry Kissinger and Alexander Haig, Nixon's staff chief, knew that Korean agents were spending a fortune to "influence" Congress a good three years before they did anything about this scandal. Of course they were aware of it, and if these two knew, is it likely that Nixon was kept in the dark?

The report that the then National Security Adviser and the General who was at the time Kissinger's deputy and later became the President's right hand had been told in detail of the Korean dictatorship's fiddling with Congress as early as 1972—three years before the dossiers went to the Justice Department—comes to us thanks to a "leak" from Congress itself (*The New York Times*, September 5). The House Subcommittee on International Organizations, headed by Rep. Donald M. Fraser (D.,

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Minn.), will hold hearings in October on why the executive branch under Nixon and Ford sat on this damaging stuff for such a long time.

This is one case where the risk of rushing to judgment is minimal. And the judgment must be that it served the interests of the Presidency to cover up a little matter like the corruption of the legislative branch by agents of another nation.

Korea, after all, was our client. The dreadful government of its dictator, Park Chung Hee, had been an ultra-loyal ally of the United States during its war in Indochina, sending troops there by the division. Yet by 1972 there were rumblings in Congress against the cost of the American forces in South Korea and of the huge amounts of military aid we were squandering on Seoul every year. In 1971 Nixon's Secretary of Defense, Melvin Laird, had let it be known that he was aware of South Korea's lobbying, as he cautiously put it, against his proposal to reduce U.S. troops there by 20,000.

But Nixon and Kissinger were not yet sold on this American troop reduction plan. So why let their hands be forced by Congressional pressures when a bit of free-hand "influencing" could help keep the dogs down at the Capitol? It would be at another nation's expense and thus would cost nothing—except the honor and integrity of the United States Government itself.

As the wrappings of secrecy loosen and the record of the years of Nixon-Ford and Kissinger unfolds, it becomes increasingly clear that such considerations played a small part in their scheme of things. Everybody did it, was their motto, and it got in the way of *Realpolitik* to scruple too much. The "national security" owed much to the Park regime so just leave the Koreans alone to play around with Congress, handing out honorary degrees, free trips, accommodating women and envelopes filled with cash, in ascending order of importance to the lawmakers.

Those who say we should put all this behind us and go on with the real work of a great nation are seriously deluding themselves. We will not purge ourselves of these debilitating corruptions until a great deal more is known about who did what to or for whom, and until the guilty are punished.

As for Leon Jaworski, the Texas lawyer hired by the House leadership to get rid of this Korean mess one way or another, he had better know that he will have a hard time covering up this matter under the frayed blanket of the Committee on Standards of Official Conduct, if he or they are of such a mind. The slimy stuff will ooze out, as some of it already seems to have done, in re Kissinger and Haig, from another committee of that tarnished House.

Fancy Rappings

The President has been meeting with small groups of Washington journalists in shirtsleeves or bathing suits around the White House pool to "rap" on a "background" basis. That contorts the results of these chats into expressions like "the President is known to feel" thisandthat about suchandsuch. The by-line writer never reveals how he came to know about that feeling.

More than authenticity is lost in this informal process. There is a cosy power relationship involved (power of the Presidency, power of the press) that tends to exclude, rather than include, the public in the sharing of information. It may be understandable that Carter has a certain nostalgia for his relatively relaxed days as a candidate when he had everything to gain from casual exchanges with the press, but things have to be different now that he is in office.

The "backgrounder" existed, of course, before Henry Kissinger mounted the nation's stage, but he perfected this dubious device and used it (and therefore used the press) with his usual flair. Now a federal appeals court has taken a disapproving look at this manipulative instrument of government in a democracy. It did so in a case brought by Morton Halperin, who demanded access to the transcript of a Kissinger backgrounder with a group of reporters, part of which the State Department refused to give Halperin on grounds of "security"—though the reporters who heard that quite "high source" lacked security clearance and two of them represented foreign news agencies! The judge called the State Department's handling of the matter "almost incredible," and declared that Halperin had "benefited the nation by making the Department aware of laws it must observe if these adventures are to be continued." That won't end backgrounders but it will make it harder for officials to fiddle with public opinion while wearing a mask of fake confidentiality.

A modern President does not lack opportunities to speak directly to the public, through press conferences, speeches and fireside chats. The 39th President might consider going back to these quite adequate and more traditional forms and drop the transparent and undignified device of a conversation which everyone present must pretend never took place.

Sweet Stuff

Pepsi was the drink for Nixon; Coke is Carter's beverage. That is not to say that either President actually drank the sweet stuff. (Kissinger, according to some of his close associates, commonly referred to the 37th President as "the drunk upstairs.") We are talking about these two Presidents' corporate connections in the world of soft drinks.

But despite Coca-Cola's friend in the White House, it now appears that India is about to throw "The Pause That Refreshes" out of the subcontinent. The Atlanta-based conglomerate has been selling about two-thirds of a bottle of Coke per year to each of India's 600 million inhabitants—not much of the nutritionless drink per undernourished capita but nevertheless a tidy sum total. The largest bottler was a major financial backer of the ousted Congress Party and he now accuses the new ruling coalition, the Janata Party, of a "political vendetta" against the Coke interests.

All the new Indian Government has done is demand a 60 percent interest in the Indian subsidiary of Coca-Cola, which the bottler is willing to grant, along with the formula for the concentrate to which water is added. The latter requirement provides the rub. Coca-Cola has guarded that formula with its life. It has for years pretended that

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an unswerving supporter of Indian rights, as its chairman. (The Senator was born and raised on the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota.) The combination of increased manpower and a forceful chairman will give pro-Indian legislation, particularly the AIPRC recommendations, a chance to be passed. Moreover, adds Gerard, "there is no question that this committee will take on tough and controversial legislation."

For many years it has been pointed out that the Bureau of Indian Affairs itself is a problem, if not *the* problem. But no one in the Congress has ever deeply looked into the trouble caused by those BIA administrators. So in late July, the Abourezk committee held extensive oversight hearings. "Without the committee," says the South Dakota Senator, "we just couldn't intelligently do this."

According to the committee's assistant chief counsel, Max Richtmond, the committee will look into the "major problem," the budget process. Says Richtmond: "There is no problem with participation in the process—the tribes send their priorities to the BIA. But somehow when the BIA gets all its information together, they end up distributing the money without regard for the tribes' stated needs. In short, the BIA is not responsible." Richtmond also thinks that the BIA has an uncanny ability to spend its money on itself. "We think that 70 to 90 percent of the money appropriated by Congress never gets out of the BIA," he continued.

At this point, the effect of the hearings is hard to measure. "At worst," said another staff member, "we'll stir things up and draw attention to the unique problems of Indians. And we will be expanding Congress's knowledge." Richtmond thinks that it is also possible that the hearings could be used as a way of "getting everybody —the Department of the Interior, the Office of Management and Budget, the BIA and Congress—to agree on some changes; and then, maybe, to get an Executive Order to make some changes."

A second committee task will be the recodification of Title 25, Indian laws. According to Abourezk, this may be the work which will make "a considerable difference" in federal-Indian relations. Indian statutes are contradictory, duplicative and, frequently, outdated. One of the most egregious examples of the resulting confusion came in 1974 when some members of the Rosebud-Sioux Tribe sued the BIA. According to Richtmond, they felt there was discrimination in the bureau's hiring practices. As the case began to be examined, the Justice Department, the Interior Department and the BIA had completely different views on the legality of the BIA's hiring practices. "This case," says Richtmond, "has involved three different sets of Indian attorneys and thousands of man-hours and, still, there has been no resolution. But, with the committee we have four attorneys who will revise the code and it will simply not take as much time to finish up these cases. There's no way that this sort of improvement could have taken place before: there just wasn't anyone to do it."

In addition, the committee will emphasize in its hearings the need for Indians to be economically self-sufficient. The AIPRC report points out: "Deposits of oil and gas, coal, uranium and phosphate are found on some forty reservations in seventeen states. Production of coal on Indian lands in 1974 was 35.8 percent of the combined production on federal and Indian lands. . . . Indian lands produced 13.6 percent of the total production value of oil and gas on all federal and Indian lands. . . . Phosphate production was 35.4 percent . . . and Indian lands produced fully 100 percent of the uranium value produced on all federal and Indian lands."

But, the commission report continues, "this natural abundance is not controlled by Indians at all." The committee, says Richtmond, will try to enact laws that will allow Indians to care for and to control their own property.

Perhaps the most important question is whether Congress will distinguish between different kinds of Indian legislation. It is possible that the current anti-Indian mood will not only influence Indian-white treaty legislation but will also affect legislation that is strictly concerned with Indians. For instance, if anti-Indian feeling in Congress grows intense, it could even mean defeat for a bill that attempts to reform the BIA, an issue which has little direct effect on whites. "It might come to the point," says Richtmond, "where if a bill has anything at all to do with Indians, then the Congress will vote against it."

A second important question concerns the committee. When it was created it was given a "life" of only two years. Yet, according to Trimble, "a lot of the legislation is going to take a decade." The problem, of course, will be to maintain it. Says Gerard: "Next year when the committee has to be renewed, we're going to have to make a good fight."

And a third possible obstacle for Indian legislation is the impending retirement of Senator Abourezk. He has announced that he will not seek re-election in 1978 and there does not seem to be a tough pro-Indian Senator to replace him. Without a determined Senator to push for the renewal of the committee, and without an aggressive committee chairman, the Indian committee may die. Or it could survive and turn out routine work.

It is partly because of this threat of limited time that the committee has a strong sense of urgency. While the summer is usually a quiet time on Capitol Hill, the Select Committee has been holding hearings and writing legislation.

But the sense of urgency also comes from the conviction that the federal government has been lax in its attention to Indian affairs and that Indian impatience with the Congress is rapidly increasing. Most of this staff has worked on the AIPRC and, after two years of observing and working on Indian problems, they are fully aware that there must be reform.

Unfortunately, the House seems even more apathetic toward Indian reform than the Senate. Most Indian legislation will have to be authorized by the Public Lands and Indian Affairs Subcommittee, whose chairman is Rep. Teno Roncalio (D., Wyo.). It is no secret that he sought that chairmanship because of his interest in public lands. The attitude of this subcommittee was suggested by one of its staff members, Gunella Foster. She said:

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"We won't initiate legislation, but we do have to deal with everything the Senate sends us."

Every year American Indians are obliged to come to Washington to ask for funds. They cannot go to state or municipal governments—the federal government is their trustee. Groups of Indians are compelled to go from office to office—to the BIA, to the OMB, to the offices of key Congressmen—asking for small sums of money. But in spite of their need, they are generally turned down. Usually, the bureaucrats claim that the money will be wasted. They blame the victim.

The new Senate committee will offer the Indians some hope as long as it lasts. The new white backlash may make it short-lived. In the light of the long, sad record of official treatment of Native Americans by the U.S. Government, no greater optimism is justified. □

Racism and Fishing Rights

JOHN H. MOORE

The Native peoples of Michigan, with almost no allies in their home state, are apparently winning their legal struggle for fishing rights against the combined forces of the Michigan United Conservation Clubs, the state's Department of Natural Resources, the American Fishing Tackle Manufacturers Association, and the Great Lakes Charter Boat Association. Whether or not they will win in fact remains to be seen. Even the direct participants in the struggle, amidst the literal gunshots, the splintering of canoes, the ripped nets, and the nightly armed guerrilla raids on Little Traverse Bay, seem not to perceive very clearly the long-term consequences of decisions now dragging through state and federal courts in an atmosphere of nationwide controversy. The liberal community, usually led by U.S. Sen. Donald Riegle (D., Mich.) has been especially confused and moribund, apparently accepting the phony environmental issues set forward by anti-Indian forces.

From the Indian standpoint, the issues are completely clear, if not simple. They say their fishing rights were guaranteed in perpetuity by several treaties, specifically the Treaty of 1836, which was engineered by scholar and Indian agent Henry Schoolcraft. These rights have been gradually eroded by unilateral actions of the state of Michigan, illegal under the Supremacy Clause of the U.S. Constitution, and especially by the Department of Natural Resources. Therefore the Native peoples say their current lawsuits seek merely to re-establish what is legal, what is just, and what is spelled out unambiguously in laws and treaties.

Most Michiganders, however, are willing to bend the interpretation of the treaties, and for them the issues are mostly ichthyological. The most militant of these are the charter boat captains, who fear a reduction in limit size or season as a consequence of Indian incursions on Great Lakes fish populations. But the most powerful anti-Indian group is the Michigan United Conservation Clubs (MUCC) with a membership of more than 100,000, working hand in glove with the Department of Natural Resources (DNR). The MUCC has money, a popular magazine and considerable power in the state legislature, while the DNR has laws, statutes, "experts" and armed enforcement agents at its command. And this is where the daily battle lines are drawn—between sport fisherman vigilantes and DNR agents on the one side, trying to protect "their" fish, and determined Indian fishermen on the other side, supported by federal injunctions, intent on getting their share of the perhaps 100 million pounds of fish taken annually from Lakes Michigan, Huron and Superior. So far the combat has included the destruction of hundreds of feet of Indian gill nets near Charlevoix, the digging of trenches near Petoskey to prevent the launching of Indian boats, the smashing of canoes owned by a white resort owner sympathetic to Indians, and the exchange of shotgun blasts, although no one has been killed, *yet*.

The preconditions for present events were initiated as far back as 1934, when the Indian Reorganization Act allowed nonreservation groups of Indians to legalize themselves as tribes and buy land for a reservation. Several Michigan bands did so reorganize themselves, but the most thorough job was done by the Bay Mills band of Chippewas living near Sault Ste. Marie ("Chippewa" is the same word as "Ojibwa"; the Native people themselves use the name *Nishnawbe*). From then until now, a thoughtful and energetic leadership has built a tribal structure that includes a membership of 500 people, 2,189 acres of land, several HEW projects and, most important, a tribal lawyer, Kathryn Tierney.

Besides the availability of legal assistance, the other preconditions for the present conflict include the increasing economic privation of Native people, the continuation of the grossest kind of racism, and the manipulation of Great Lakes food resources by various state and federal agencies. Concerning the poverty of Indians, there are good figures only for the Bay Mills Community, which is perhaps better off than the other 17,000 Indians now living in Michigan. But even among the Bay Mills people unemployment runs at 35 to 60 percent, while 50 to 63 percent of Bay Mills families are below poverty levels set by the federal government.

The extent of continuing Anglo racism can best be demonstrated by looking at some of the several hundred reports collected recently by the Grand Traverse Bay Area Indian Center, which primarily serves off-reservation Ottawa people farther to the south along Lake Michigan. These reports have prompted an investigation by the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, which began in

John Moore, who has lived for the past five years in Michigan, is now assistant professor of anthropology at the University of Oklahoma. He is a specialist in the interpretation of Indian treaties, and the author of a forthcoming book on Cheyenne land tenure.

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June and ill continues. Item: In January 1976, Joanne Koon, a ative leader, called a large hotel in Traverse City to g a room for a friend. When it became apparent to he reservations clerk that the room was for an Indian ie snapped "No Indians!" and hung up. Item: A young idian woman was held and harassed for several hour n a local police station without charge, without bail, d without the chance to call a lawyer. Item: The "Eq Opportunity Employment officer" of a large constructi company refused to hire Indians because they are "drunks and winos." She also ventured the anthropol ical opinion that "Indians have some kind of proble or something physical that makes them drink so much." Even more serious are allegations that many Native w en have been involuntarily sterilized in Michigan—as Oklahoma and South Dakota, these cases having be investigated by Senator Abourezk.

Agains this background of poverty and discrimination, Mic gan Indians have survived by wage work (usually s sonal construction jobs), hunting, fishing and trapping, nd the sharing among relatives of whatever scarce re urces were available. These strong feelings of familis prompted a puzzled Traverse City police department st February to inquire formally of the town's Indian C ter, "Why do so many third-person Indian people bu in during situations involving other Indians?" But fami bonds and the obligation on everyone to share hav enabled the Native peoples of Michigan to survive 2 years of official lies, political manipulation and legal ppression, not to mention occasional shoot-ings and burn-outs. During this time, most of the Potawato es, the third tribe of Michigan, were moved to Indian territory at bayonet-point, half the Ottawas were so t orized that they sought refuge on Manitoulin Island in anada, while the rest of the bands survived only by g ng up their lands and submerging themselves in the ru countryside.

One ce ral fact of Indian survival, from aboriginal times, ha been the necessity to extract a living from the lakes, reams and forests. While Indian families have been poo no one has starved as long as there was some mer er of the family who could fish, hunt, collect berries, o sell baskets made from ash splints. But until recent the extraction of natural resources often has been onducted illegally, in the dead of night, with a DNR ent in hot pursuit. The situation has deteriorated considerably from the time in 1836 when the feder government guaranteed the arrival of "one hundred rrels of salt, and five hundred fish barrels, annually."

A mor l blow at Indian subsistence was struck in 1965 wh the DNR began to enforce rigidly the rule that nets ould be used only by commercial fishermen who had arned more than $5,000 from fishing in the previous ear. This effectively excluded most of the Indians, ho fished only seasonally and then mostly for their n families. Ironically, the DNR now criticizes Indian fis ng for being too much oriented toward commercial e erprises. Some large-scale Indian fishermen survived the ruling of 1965, but for many Indians it was the last straw.

The first fisherman who decided to test the current status of Indian treaties in Michigan was William Jondreau, who was caught fishing in his boat on Keweenaw Bay in 1965. Despite a low-budget legal attempt, Jondreau surprisingly won his case in a pivotal 1971 decision. And so the stage was set for the entrance of Big Abe LeBlanc (pronounced LeBlah), all 6 ft. 6 in. and 300 pounds of him. Hearing of the court decision and with thirteen children to feed, the Bay Mills Chippewa told everyone he was going fishing, stuffed a copy of the 1836 treaty in his pocket, set his gill nets in Whitefish Bay, and waited patiently in his boat on September 28, 1971. The DNR sent out a motorboat from Sault Ste. Marie to apprehend Big Abe. Bringing the motorboat alongside, DNR officer Bruce Andrews shouted, "You're under arrest." "The hell I am," yelled Big Abe, and handed him the treaty. And so was initiated the most comprehensive attempt yet to test the full significance of modern Chippewa-Ottawa fishing rights, backed by the legal resources of the Bay Mills Community, the Native American Rights Fund, and Upper Peninsula Legal Services.

Although the legal arguments in the LeBlanc case are very complicated, the five fundamental issues decided so far can be summarized as follows, from the December 1976 ruling of the Michigan Supreme Court:

(*1*) The Chippewas still maintain treaty fishing rights both on waters which are part of the reservations and off the reservations as well.

(*2*) Ambiguities in Indian treaties generally must be resolved in favor of the Indians.

(*3*) Indian commercial fishing has existed since before 1836.

(*4*) Only the federal government could intrude on Indian title, and the intrusions of the state of Michigan, especially in 1855, were improper.

(*5*) The state of Michigan can regulate Indian off-reservation fishing only if absolutely necessary to preserve fish resources.

Although many appeals and related suits will probably be made to amplify these positions, the major appeal still dangling is whether the state of Michigan can regulate *any* kind of Indian fishing. A suit scheduled for November, *U.S.* vs. *Michigan*, will give a more definitive answer to that question. In the meantime, at least since the spring, the Indians are not pressing their off-reservation rights, while the DNR has been headed off from a move which Judge Noel Fox called "blatant discrimination."

Having failed to curtail Indian fishing in court, the DNR in June sent a letter to non-Indian wholesalers threatening them with criminal charges, revocation of license, and seizure of merchandise if they bought and sold fish caught by Indians—fish that are allegedly contaminated with pollutants. Apparently two issues are involved here, whether non-Indians can traffic in Indian fish, and whether the fish sold by Indians are contaminated. An angry Judge Fox dismissed both points,

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however, noting that the DNR had never got excited about contamination until the Supreme Court ruled in favor of the Indians.

The pollution issue is a sensitive one in Michigan, because of the continuing controversy about polybrominated biphenyls (PBB) in beef and milk, and is one of the issues which has immobilized pro-environment liberals. But if the PBB scandal has taught us anything, it is that lab reports, like other kinds of statistics, can easily be manipulated for political purposes. For their part, the Indians have already offered to set up stations to monitor the fish they catch, confident that the fish will be acceptable. And as Judge Fox has pointed out, it is significant that the DNR is so concerned with the 1 percent of fish caught by Indians, and not so concerned with the 99 percent of fish caught by non-Indians. This raises another central and still unexamined question, the extent to which Indian fishing can really deplete Great Lakes fish populations.

The best estimates of the state and federal governments are that about 100 million pounds of fish are caught each year from the Great Lakes, in Canada as well as the United States. Of this total, Michigan fishermen take about 31 million. These figures have remained stable for several decades, although the proportion of the whole represented by some species has changed significantly. Lake trout in particular were greatly depleted until quite recently, mostly because of alewives and lampreys, both of which problems, the Indians point out, were caused by the excesses of white commercial interests.

Although estimates for the annual catch by Indians in Michigan are still in contention between the DNR and Indian spokesmen, the truth probably lies somewhere between 100,000 and 500,000 pounds, certainly less than 3 percent of the total catch. Since the Indians have said that they want to catch, at most, 10 percent of the total, and since the DNR has said that present levels of fishing do not deplete the resources, one wonders what all the yelling is about. Apparently, the worst that could happen would be for non-Indian seasons or limits to be set a bit lower.

Besides pollution and depletion, an issue that has embroiled Michigan liberals in recent years is gill nets, the preferred Indian method of fishing. Gill nets were finally banned in the state several years ago, after a hot battle in the legislature. The argument that finally prevailed was that gill nets are indiscriminate as to species and that they killed the fish, especially trout, which were caught in them. Arguments against both points however are provided by evidence from the DNR, of all people, which uses gill nets to take fish censuses, releasing the fish after they are counted. Bill Palmer, an Indian formerly with the DNR who now directs Bay Mills fishing, points out, however, that Indians plan to seek rough fish rather than salmonids (trout and salmon), for marketing reasons. Fishing regulations now being written by Indians to govern Bay Mills fishermen will probably specify the release from gill nets of trout and salmon during certain seasons.

Palmer and other Indian conservationists, like their opposite numbers in the DNR, want to preserve fish resources so that coming generations of Indians can make a living as professional fishermen. To that end, the fish-processing plant just completed at Bay Mills has a planned maximum capacity of only 800,000 pounds per year. Ultimately, Palmer says, they would like to have their own hatchery and rearing ponds, and a stable annual production of fish such as exists at the Red Lake Minnesota Indian reservation, producing 2 million pounds per year of walleye and perch, all by natural production.

If all the scare talk about gill nets, pollution and depletion were designed to frighten liberals into neutrality, it has apparently worked. So far the only significant progressive Michigan organization to ally itself with the Indians is the Equal Rights Congress, an umbrella coalition of grass-roots organizations such as tenants unions, co-ops and minority rights groups. Meeting in Traverse City in July, they passed a motion supporting the right of Indians to fish, and expressed their confidence that Indians would regulate their fishing properly. But the organizations which usually support Indians and other minorities so far remain silent. Conservative forces, however, are already beginning to mobilize and coordinate their campaigns on a national scale.

American sport fishermen have responded enthusiastically to *American Nightmare,* a book published privately in Washington state, which advocates the anti-Indian side of the controversy by selectively citing arguments in legal decisions from across the country. The authors, Herb Williams and Walt Neubrech, argue that "while discrimination against Indians is unfair and degrading, discrimination in favor of Indians is even more insidious and demeaning."

The MUCC, along with equivalent groups in other states, is using *American Nightmare* to rally support for a national lobbying campaign now being organized. Ultimately, they wish to pass bills in the Congress which will negate court decisions that are favorable to Indians. Some steps in that direction have already been taken by Representatives Ruppe and Dingell of Michigan, who have introduced bills that would allow the DNR to regulate all Indian fishing in Michigan waters. In fact, in the peculiar arena of Indian law, it is possible for Congress to wipe out *all* Indian treaty rights, even those upheld in the courts, by stating that these are "political" rather than "legal" matters.

Although lawyers for Indians, in Michigan as elsewhere, are confident that they will win in the courts, many Native people, numbed by decades of abuse, do not think that they will finally win anything. Unfortunately, I believe that the pessimistic Indians are correct. The only thing which could consolidate Indian legal gains would be a significant attempt by liberals in Congress to override conservative efforts to negate the treaties. If liberals do not act, I believe the judgment of history will be stern—that in the 1970s an opportunity existed to restore at least a share of American justice and prosperity to Native people, but that a myopic liberal community failed to act. □

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PHO R CONSUMER GROUPS

DAVID H. MAN

The name, i rious, at least seemed benevolent. "The Calorie l Council" elicited visions of vigilant consume nutritionists—fighting to banish surplus fat from ts with the fervor of Carrie Nation chopping up An ad placed by a council in *The Washington I* orted readers to let President Carter and others "l w you feel about the proposed ban on saccharin ck a member of the U.S. House of Representativ your state. Phone him! Write him! And rememb ry call, every letter counts. It's up to you to n s experiment in democracy really work." The l d Drug Administration's hostile attitude toward tificial sweetener was "just another example of itrary nature of BIG GOVERNMENT."

But this rc lvocacy of democracy and saccharin rubbed Thon r the wrong way. Asher, a lawyer who once he public-interest law firm, agreed for the most pai he council's position on saccharin. But why no i tion of the council in the ad beyond "The Calorie Council, P.O. Box 2040, Washington, D.C., 2 Through the *Post*'s business side, Asher learne d had been placed by the Atlanta office of Mc ickson, a large advertising agency. A McCann-E man said the council was about ten years old ar osed of "major and minor manufacturers of oducts—soft drinks, Abbott Labs, Pillsbury, Sw ow, General Foods. . . ." So much for "this exp in democracy."

The counc gh its advertising was using one of the slicker ve an old PR trick: the phony citizens or consumers The gimmick dates back at least to the 1920s, v siness interests in California hoodwinked the vith fronts set up to confuse the citizenry abc referendums. Today, with debate intensifying c ar energy and other matters dear to the corporate he front is still popular. The United States Chaml Commerce has even started Citizens Choice, a riv ore legitimate groups like Common Cause.

The big re the phonies' existence is obvious—the press anc are skeptical of ideas presented on corporate let "Industry has gotten a black eye," says Vic Gol rmer PR man who ghosted speeches for Spiro Ag rofit is tainted. But when you come up with a p erest group. . . ." In 1960 Gold worked for t nal Coal Policy Council, composed of coal comp l their allies, and he recalls its warnings about the dangers of atomic energy. But the press knew the background of the Policy Council and ignored its admonitions. "We couldn't get past this barrier that this is an industry front group," Gold told me. "Here you've got the activist groups today who are using the same arguments. Their credibility is there because they're nonprofit."

Gold writes in *I Don't Need You When I'm Right*—his PR confessions—of how phony front groups favor certain words in their names: "Fair," "Independent," "Consumer" and "Citizens." Which "isn't to say that *all* organizations containing those words in their titles are phony, only that nine of ten phony front groups use them. The tenth uses either *Public* or *Emergency*."

Gold's humor aside, one cannot identify the phonies without knowing the traits of the legitimates. R. Michael Cole, legislative director of Common Cause, correctly defines a true public-interest group as "an organization representing a broad constituency that is not represented by traditional economic interests." Corollaries could follow. An independent, publicly oriented group will not depend on business or political drones for its main leadership and funding. Nor will it share staff and office space with corporations, trade associations and the like. Not even with the White House.

To be sure, a legitimate group may at times accept *some* help from private interests. The Environmental Policy Center is using $1,500 a month in railroad money to fight for a bill that would make barge operators pay to ply tax-financed waterways; the legislation is in keeping with the center's fear of the environmental havoc the canals can wreak. Some might question the wisdom of such tactics, but the railroaders are not playing key roles in determining the group's direction or in financing its $225,000-a-year budget. The Environmental Policy Center remains a public-interest group.

Consider, on the other hand, the Calorie Control Council—now part of industry's war against legitimate consumerists. The council is like many other PR front groups in seeming somewhat of a quick-change artist; it can alter its image to suit its purposes, acknowledging its true identity often enough so that no one can accuse it of being a total fraud. A boring press release in October 1976 described the council as "an association of over sixty leading manufacturers and suppliers . . . of calorie control and dietetic food and beverage products." Yet less than a year later in a 2-page ad in thirty-two newspapers, the council was masquerading as a consumer group.

"An oversight," claimed Gary Tabor of McCann-Erickson when I asked why the ad didn't describe the council. Tabor came up with the excuse that the group wanted the advertisement in a hurry and somehow no one considered a description necessary. He is very affable,

David H. Ro whose work a The Washing

a Washington-based, free-lance writer ared in The Nation, The Progressive, *and other publications.*

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judging from our phone conversation, and presumably quite loyal to clients.

Tabor told me, happily, of "nearly a quarter of a million" letters pouring into Washington, denouncing the saccharin proposal: "More mail was reportedly received on this issue than any issue since the Cambodian bombing issue." He thinks the original ad last March and two follow-ups have accounted for a fair number of the letters.

Shortly after the first ad, Asher's ire came out in a *Washington Post* column, and the council identified itself in two sequels as "an international association of manufacturers and suppliers of dietary food and beverages." One wonders, though, about the future; how long until the council again experiments with "democracy" and lack of identification?

Even now some people must still think of the council as a real consumer organization. Very commendably the *Post* printed Asher's column, but just three months after its appearance the newspaper published a story on saccharin that mentioned the council without describing it. An editorial in *The Wall Street Journal* favorably quoted the council's president—the day the first ad ran there—and without tipping readers off about the parentage of the group. Presumably the newspapers' oversights were more accidental than the council's, but the effect was the same: misleading.

"Once again corporate abuse is setting the stage for government intervention," Thomas Stanton, a Nader attorney, said of the first ad's deception. "This could be a very fruitful area for an investigation by the Federal Trade Commission."

The Consumer Research Institute (CRI), started in the late 1960s, is another example of deceptive labeling. The institute once mailed to at least twenty daily newspapers a release headlined "Consumer Psychologists Hit FTC Advertising Proposal." The CRI admitted to me that the release did not tell editors what kind of group it was. At least in the case of the *Post*, CRI's trickery backfired; Marian Burros, the food editor, wrote an unflattering item. James Turner, author of *The Chemical Feast*, told me. "The fact is that CRI answers questions presented by industry, is paid for by industry and usually comes up with answers to help industry." Why not? The institute is a creation of the Grocery Manufacturers Association of America (GMA).

CRI is now inactive, but GMA President George Koch claims that's due to the changing nature of consumer issues rather than to the name. "The word 'consumer' is not patented," he says. "Industry has as much a right to support a consumer group as anyone. We serve our consumers; they are our customers. CRI was part of this function. It was, is and may again be, a legitimate group."

Energy and the environment are promising areas for PR fronts, especially those that claim we cannot enjoy the former without sacrificing some of the latter. When real activists were working for Proposition 15 to strengthen laws covering nuclear safety in California, a group sprang up called Citizens for Jobs and Energy. It shared some leaders with yet another industry-backed organization, the California Council for Environmental and Economic Balance. Balance? The council's annual funding of about $250,000 comes mostly from big business and friends in labor—like construction unions. "We felt that a certain small minority, in their zeal for a better quality of life, had lost sight of the economic benefits we're trying to bring about," former Gov. Edmund (Pat) Brown, council chairman, told me last year. But Joyce Koupal, director of the People's Lobby, a genuine public-interest group, questioned whether the council and the organization against Proposition 15 would ultimately promote jobs. "The nuclear industry is highly automated and in the long run will employ far fewer people than would real conservation measures like building homes with better insulation."

In the successful $2.5-million-plus campaign against Proposition 15, pro-nuclear groups generally down-played their origins. Koupal observed: "They couldn't tell people, 'We build nuclear power plants and we don't care how much radiation your children are exposed to.' "

Nationally there's Americans for Energy Independence (AEI), 60 percent of whose original budget of $250,000 came from Westinghouse and other energy-linked companies. "From the name of the group it would appear they're interested simply in independence from foreign oil producers," said Bruce Rosenthal, editor of *Critical Mass Journal*, a Nader-inspired newspaper that crusades against nuclear dangers. "But actually they seem to be in the business of peddling atomic plants and other offerings of the corporations behind them." For a while the acting chairman of AEI was Endicott Peabody, a former Governor of Massachusetts who has lobbied for Westinghouse in the past through his Washington law firm. The firm still represents Westinghouse.

Peabody insisted to me that he saw no conflict between the law firm's duties to Westinghouse stockholders and his obligations to an energy group that purportedly favors conservation as the number-one alternative to foreign oil. Yet a friend of this liberal Brahmin, someone normally quite sympathetic toward him, is rather blunt in explaining why "Chub" is on the AEI board. "It's called earning a living," I was told. "Chub believes in it because he's doing it. Which is the opposite of doing it because he believes in it. I think he believes in the adversary system. I think he has transposed the philosophy and the mores and the attitudes of the courtroom to different sides of the issue. He apparently feels that the adversary system seems to work as well in the marketplace as in the court." The same might be said of Pat Brown and other liberals whose old connections and reputations are now valuable PR assets.

Brown and Peabody are both lawyers, members of a profession adept at clouding issues. Industry-oriented attorneys have even started "public-interest" firms to fight bona fide activists in court. The Pacific Legal Foundation of Sacramento, for instance, has cherished such causes as the Concorde jet and a new Trident submarine base. "Among PLF's major corporate contributors," reported Deborah Baldwin, editor of *Environmental Ac-*

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senile voters would confuse the Alliance with the Council.

"I'll never answer that question but won't deny it," said Clinkscales when asked if the confusion were deliberate. Did he start the alliance with politics in mind? "It wasn't my concern for the elderly that got me started in this organization." Instead, Clinkscales was mad at the council and other groups for being what he considered fronts for labor and the Democratic Party.

Who's the real front, though? A *Post* reporter in 1976 found Clinkscales operating behind a Georgetown tailor shop. She saw a newsletter and a few file cabinets, but no old people. Over the phone, Clinkscales told me he'd moved to different quarters—presumably more elaborate. Fine. But he wouldn't let me see a list of the 22,800 members he claims.

By contrast the National Council of Senior Citizens has 3 million members and was a major force behind the passage of Medicare legislation. The council in 1976 awarded 100 percent ratings to seventy-seven Representatives and thirteen Senators deemed friends of the elderly. Yet nearly all of the council's 100 percenters flunked the bogus alliance's ratings. Among the issues the alliance considered in deciding which politicians to favor was federal funding of abortions.

However, the alliance's phony ratings appeared in newspapers across the country. A friend of mine, a conscientious reporter, recalls feeling obliged to publish the ratings from the conservative alliance simply because he was printing those from the liberal council. And many conservative candidates publicly quoted the alliance's favorable ratings—without stimulating local newspapers to delve into what the alliance was. As in the case of the Calorie Council and many other phonies, the press put itself at the disposal of tricksters.

Not quite a dirty trick, but nonetheless misleading, is Citizens Choice—the group the U.S. Chamber of Commerce launched last year "to represent the millions of decent, hardworking, tax-paying Americans who bear the bulk of the financial burdens that result from special interest groups pushing for more and more government spending." "Special interest groups" might include big corporations benefiting from federal subsidies and tax breaks at the expense of the average man. But of the six board members listed in Citizens Choice literature, all are corporate executives. And all are also on the Chamber's board—which isn't surprising, considering that Citizens Choice operates from the Chamber's national headquarters building. Citizens Choice this year mailed to some prospective members an "Opinion Poll" asking among other things: "Are you in favor of National Health Insurance, which requires all citizens to join in a government-operated, tax-supported health insurance program?" The question coming closest to defense spending was number six—where, in ranking nine issues, respondents could compare the importance of "World Communism" to "Government Growth/Intrusion." Citizens Choice is discreet enough not to alienate members enriched by Pentagon dollars.

"Laughable," a Washington man employed by a major corporation, described Citizens Choice. "Just by its nature it's fatally flawed." How can Citizens Choice favor both

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consumers and manufacturers? he asks. As an executive of "a company that pays dues to the Chamber," he says, "I think Citizens Choice is a waste of money."

In less than a year, however, about 10,000 people have joined—contributing $15 or more to this propaganda campaign on behalf of big business. Deborah Abbot, administrator of the Chamber's Citizens Choice division (it is technically a division), claims it is a citizens' organization. She says many members are workers and small businessmen. If that is true, Citizens Choice has hoodwinked a fair percentage of Choicers into fighting against their own interests. Citizens Choice is minuscule compared to Common Cause (about 250,000 members), but the potential for mischief is there.

Of the questionable groups named in this article, some may be miserable failures and some wild successes. But all detract from the messages of honest politicians and businessmen. Last year a Chamber of Commerce official complained that "too many activist organizations" are griping around Washington. He and his friends in big business might quell some of the racket by closing down Citizens Choice and other phonies—so that meaningful talk between corporations and the rest of us can go on without the distracting noises from the fronts. □

SINGAPORE/MALAYSIA

SWEATSHOP FOR THE WORLD

KAI BIRD and FAN YEW TENG

The human rights facet of President Carter's diplomacy was an enormous domestic political success—as long as it was confined to America's ideological adversaries in the Soviet bloc. But to the discomfort of many professional diplomats the issue has inevitably spread to include criticism of many authoritarian regimes in the Third World —South Korea, Iran, the Philippines, Brazil and numerous other recipients of U.S. military and economic assistance. Carter has already been forced to acknowledge a double standard on human rights violations—one for Communist adversaries and one for "strategic" allies. A concerted effort is now underway to educate the public on the necessity for this distinction.

Southeast Asia is a case in point. America's strategic and commercial links to Singapore and Malaysia may not at first glance appear significant. But Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia and the Philippines have become a strategic front line of defense in the aftermath of the war in Vietnam. The Malay Peninsula is the weak link in this arc, and the human rights issue will not be allowed to destabilize the authoritarian regimes in Malaysia and Singapore. Human rights could all too easily destroy what has been a remarkably receptive haven for foreign capital.

Both Malaysia and Singapore have operated behind a façade of parliamentary democracy ever since their independence from Great Britain, and during the same period the Malay Peninsula has become one of Asia's two leading financial and manufacturing centers. The two countries, briefly united in the early 1960s, have become marketing centers for dozens of multinational firms. Singapore, in particular, with its cheap and disciplined labor force, has pushed aside Hong Kong as the principal producer of electronic and textile goods in Asia.

Kai Bird is a writer for Newsweek International. Fan Yew Teng, a leader of the opposition Democratic Action Party, was recently expelled from the Malaysian Parliament, convicted under the Sedition Act for an article published in the party newspaper. He is now living in Great Britain.

Not only American and European corporations have flocked to Singapore and Malaysia. The Japanese have discovered that by moving their electronics factories to Singapore or Malaysia, they can circumvent the import quotas placed by the United States on products manufactured in Japan. Perhaps more important, wages for a relatively skilled and literate labor force are still far lower in Southeast Asia than anywhere else in the world. Wages in Singapore are one-third those paid in Japan.

Integrated electronics circuits are assembled in Malaysia by young women, who get less than $2 a day. Low wages and strict government restrictions on trade union activity have attracted dozens of Western firms to Kuala Lumpur, among them Rockwell International, Goodyear, RCA, Exxon and the American National Semiconductor Corp. Singapore is virtually owned by foreign capital; nearly 70 percent of the city's industrial capital is in foreign hands.

Singapore is consistently cited as the marvel of rapid development along Western commercial lines. It is true that its $1,313 per capita income is surpassed only by Japan in all of Asia. But the distribution of this income is highly skewed. Shantytowns have been bulldozed to make room for a landscape of high-rise tenement housing. Factory hands often work and live in large company-owned industrial compounds. Single women in textile factories live in company flats—packed four to a small room. Wages are barely more than $1 a day, plus the "free" housing.

Working conditions of this sort are endured in a society where everyone lives under the constant threat of arbitrary detention for renewable two-year terms. As Arun Senkuttuvan of *The Financial Times* observed in a December 21, 1976 dispatch: "Singapore is a society where people are told what to do. Those who do well are rewarded. But those who ask why are first denied the carrots, and then if they persist given the stick." Senkuttuvan himself was arrested on February 15 under Singapore's Internal Security Act (ISA). Less than a month later he "confessed" on television to "deliberately distorting" his articles and "supporting the Communist cause." The authorities then revoked Senkuttuvan's citi-

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zenship and released him. Televised confessions are common occurrences in both Singapore and Malaysia.

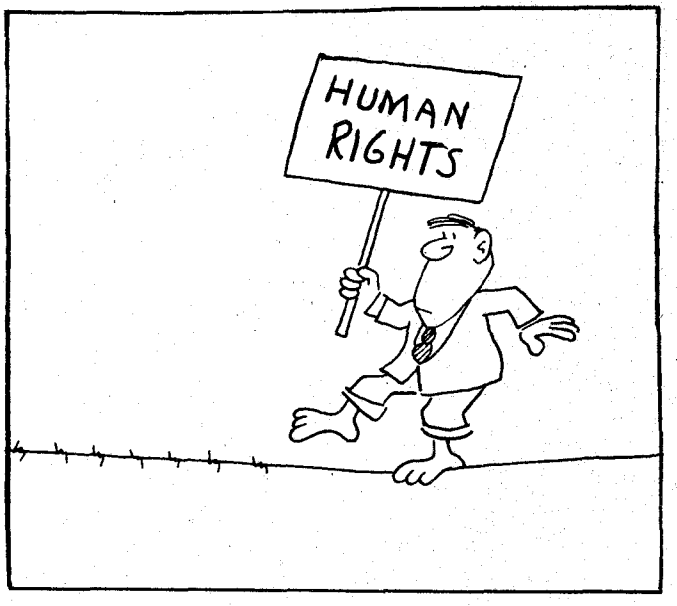
In the last decade a sophisticated set of press laws, internal security acts, and surveillance apparatus have created in Singapore an atmosphere of repression and fear. The most bizarre crackdown on political dissidents began shortly after last December's parliamentary elections. With complete control over the broadcast and print media and only seven full days of campaigning, Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew's People's Action Party swept every seat. Since then more than a dozen opposition political candidates, lawyers and journalists have been detained under ISA. Observers are at a loss to explain Lee's rampage against the country's already battered opposition.

Another controversial arrest is that of a young lawyer, G. Raman, a former legal adviser to the Singapore University Student Union. Raman confessed on television to plotting with "Euro-Communists" to topple the Singapore Government. The government claims that Raman's link to the Communist Party of Malaya was Dr. Poh Soo Kai, who in colonial days was a member of a Socialist club that Prime Minister Lee himself defended at the start of his political career. Dr. Poh was first arrested during the 1963 "Operation Cold Store" crackdown on Lee's opponents. The soft-spoken doctor was imprisoned without trial until 1974, when Lee released him without explanation. Poh went back to his medical practice at a low-cost Rakyat (People's) clinic. But in June 1976, he was detained again on charges that he had indirectly given medicine to an alleged terrorist.

On January 5, Ho Kwon Ping, 24, the Singapore correspondent of the *Far Eastern Economic Review,* was charged before a magistrate court with disseminating "protected information." The charge was based on a reference in the *Review* of July 23, 1976, to the manufacture and export from Singapore of M-16 semi-automatic weapons and the purchase of two old mine sweepers and six landing craft from the United States. The information had previously been published in a European journal. On January 29, Ho was fined $3,061 and the affair was thought closed.

But then, on the same day that Raman and Senkuttuvan made their televised confessions, Ho Kwon Ping was rearrested under ISA regulations. The young journalist, the son of Singapore's former ambassador to Belgium, then "confessed" on TV to aiding "Euro-Communists." Ho implicated a number of lawyers, politicians, and other journalists before his release. Such confessions follow a pattern of detention, the application of prolonged psychological maltreatment, public recantation and eventual release. Amnesty International's February 1976 report on Singapore details repeated allegations of sustained solitary confinement, the use of "cold" interrogation rooms where political detainees are "sometimes forced to strip and cold water is poured over them," the prevention of sleep, and physical abuse. Caning prisoners is still common in Singapore, and the courts are allowed by law to sentence certain convicted criminals to a maximum of twenty-four strokes with a meter-long cane. Amnesty International says of the caning, "Prisoners are said to struggle violently at first, but at the end those who have received more than three strokes are in a state of shock."

A U.S. State Department human rights report on Singapore states that, as of September 1976, "approximately sixty-five persons" were detained under the Internal Security Act, twelve of whom had been in prison for more than eight years. The number of political prisoners is deceiving because it provides no understanding of the degree of control the government can exert over a small island state of only 2.5 million people. Labor unions, political parties, and student organizations are watched by numerous government informers. The press is controlled by the Newspapers and Printing Presses Act of 1974, which stipulates that publications can be owned only by government-approved shareholders. The press is manipulated much more deftly than it was in India, for example, where during Indira Gandhi's state of emergency the government "guidelines" were backed up only indirectly through government control of scarce newsprint.



Bas, Tachydromos (Greece)

Lee's brand of dictatorship is uniquely disturbing for its technical proficiency. Control of the media is his best political weapon. Lee has close ties to the West, but that does not protect the foreign press from government attack. During his seventeen years in power, foreign correspondents have been repeatedly expelled and their publications banned—including reporters from *The New York Times, The Christian Science Monitor, Petroleum News* and the New Zealand Press Association. Lee's current attacks are aimed at weakening the only serious English-language news magazine in Asia, the Hong Kong-based *Far Eastern Economic Review.* It is currently under attack also from martial law governments in Thailand and the Philippines, where its correspondents have been served expulsion orders.

Events in Singapore are related to the political repression carried out in Malaysia; politics in the two countries have alway been deeply intertwined. The wave of

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confessions in Singapore last spring strengthened the right-wing factions in Prime Minister Datuk Hussein Onn's government. The conservatives successfully demanded the sacking of two deputy ministers considered soft on communism, and Hussein has agreed to speed the government's roundup of suspected "Communists." The new budget assigns funds to increase the country's security police force by 20,000 men. More important, from Prime Minister Lee's point of view, is that the political hysteria thus generated will probably lead to the arrest in Malaysia of dozens of political exiles from Singapore. The internal security police of both countries are carefully coordinating their arrest of leftist dissidents.

At the end of June 1976, the Malaysian Government arrested two of the leading journalists in the country. They were detained under ISA for alleged complicity with the Communist United Front. Samad Ismail, managing editor of the *New Straits Times*, and Samani Amin, the deputy editor of the Malay-language *Berita Harian*, were accused of plotting to subvert Malays in Singapore through the Singapore edition of *Berita Harian*. The detention of the two Malaysian editors was instigated by the "confessions" of two Singapore editors, Hussein Jahidi and Azmi Mahmud. The latter had been arrested a few weeks earlier by Prime Minister Lee for "glamorizing" communism. On September 1, 1976, Samad Ismail "confessed" that he was a Communist—an admission that in turn implicated six leading Malaysian politicians. Malaysian authorities arrested the six on November 3, 1976. Not unexpectedly, the police claimed that, after a few months of interrogation, five of the six had confessed to supporting the Malaysian Communist insurgency. The confessions of two former deputy ministers were televised early this year.

Since he became Prime Minister in January 1976 Datuk Hussein Onn has consolidated his grip on what is essentially a one-party state. While opposition parties won close to 40 percent of the votes in the 1974 elections, government gerrymandering resulted in only nineteen opposition candidates actually winning seats in a parliament of 154. The government has available many of the same repressive laws used by Lee in Singapore. About 2,000 political dissidents are detained under ISA, according to a statement made in parliament by Deputy Home Affairs Minister Datuk Abdul Samad in late 1975. At least seventy-five of these have been held for more than five years without trial. Even the U.S. State Department's mild human rights report says, "In practice the use of the Internal Security Act appears to follow a cycle of arrest, detention, recantation and restoration to public respectability. About 300 to 400 persons are currently detained under this legislation."

The same kinds of abuse are inflicted on political detainees in Malaysia as in Singapore. One case in particular is representative. Dr. Syed Husin Ali, dean of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Malaya, was picked up in late 1974. Dr. Husin Ali is the author of *Malay Peasant Society and Leadership*, published by Oxford University Press in 1975. He is also a leader of the opposition Malayan People's Socialist Party (PSRM). Since his detention he has repeatedly refused to sign a government-prepared "confession." Earlier this year lawyers employed by his wife described to the Malaysian Bar Council some of the conditions of his detention. The letter from Cheang Lee and Ong Advocates read in part:

> Dr. Husin was brought by train from Kamunting at 10 pm on 2nd July, 1976, to an unknown destination and was immediately subjected to round the clock interrogation which was interspersed with abusive interjections, and was continuously spat on, kicked, and slapped. He was continuously told, "We have succeeded in making people insane in that cell and can do the same to you."

The professor is now confined to a tiny cell with no toilet facilities and has contracted a skin disease.

Since the arrests of last winter in Malaysia, the harassed political opposition has suggested that they may soon be forced underground. The PSRM released a party statement on November 19, 1976, saying: "In the conditions now prevailing in the country, we are left with hardly any avenues of protest against the current wave of repression. In fact, our existence as a party is being threatened and there is talk of proscribing our party. We have sought to carry out our struggle by legal means, but increasingly, these channels are rapidly being blocked by the repressive measures of the National Front government."

Human rights in the Third World is an explosive political issue. President Carter cannot speak of civil liberties in the Soviet Union without undermining the political credibility of dictators like Lee Kuan Yew and Datuk Hussein Onn. Lee and Hussein obviously believe that the charade of televised "confessions" and the detention of political dissidents of any stripe is necessary for their regimes to survive. Under these conditions political polarization will probably increase as the opposition is left no option but to go underground. Political extremism will in turn generate increased government repression. Without a free press, with no independent judiciary to protect individual civil liberties, and in a state of one-party dictatorship, gross abuses of human rights will continue.

Yet the Carter administration—and indeed, any American Government—is unlikely to speak out against these abuses because of "strategic" and commercial interests. The American business community is already grumbling that the civil rights issue is jeopardizing lucrative contracts in the developing world (see *The Wall Street Journal*: "Human Rights Stand by Carter Disturbs Companies in U.S.," April 1).

Carter has begun to respond to these fears by vigorously opposing Congressional legislation tying U.S. Export-Import Bank loans and World Bank transactions to the status of human rights in recipient countries. The business community in turn is impressing upon the administration that the Germans and French are waiting to step into profitable joint venture projects if U.S. companies are penalized by Third World governments that have been estranged by human rights diplomacy. Few people understand better than Lee Kuan Yew and Datuk Hussein Onn the link between human rights and plain economics. These two have refined a highly technocratic repressive political system to nurture Asia's most successful business haven. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Lowell, Mass.—New Birth for Us All

JANE HOLTZ KAY

No one pinned "Jack Kerouac Lived Here" to some forlorn door in Lowell, Mass., the "Spindle City of the Merrimack." Nobody knows the precise site. He is one among the many unrecorded ethnics from the city's "Little Canada," unlinked to his physical or ancestral roots.

With James Whistler it is otherwise. The house of the artist's father, a Lowell founder, is well preserved, properly designated. In architecture, as in all else, the Yankee fathers got their names on the city streets throughout this nation's history.

Nowadays, though, other ethnics—and the broader culture—have this homing instinct and, more remarkable still, Congress may respond to the urge by turning Lowell into the nation's first urban park. This fall the old mill town of 90,000 could become a public monument to honor ethnic, historic and economic multiplicity.

Lowell, a small, blighted city of the Northeast, was America's first comprehensive industrial town. Here, the many came to serve the textile trade—first in sunlight, then in dark satanic mills. And here the Industrial Revolution, the immigrant arrival, and the story of working America could become a public tale in our first "National Cultural Park." If approved, Lowell would receive $40 million to become both a museum and a living landscape along the 5.6 miles of canal that once earned it the label, "Venice of America."

A century and a half ago, the waters of Lowell's "wilderness" beckoned the new industrialists. The first mass manufacturers set up shop on the banks of the Merrimack. They dug, dammed rivers, canals, and built machine shops for its working structure but, not forgetting its domestic heart, they housed bosses and workers too.

It was an awesome—and collective—task as the Industrial Revolution began, with all manufacturing parts under one roof and all power hinged to the 32-foot drop of the waters of the Merrimack. It is an equally awesome if forgotten fact that the Revolution depended for its start on a sense of a total human environment. "For the first and only time in America, they aimed to solve at the start all the problems of shelter and city planning that would be likely to occur," John Coolidge wrote in his classic, *Of Mill and Mansion.*

The notion of planning was neither static nor insular in Lowell; the design of the town kept evolving. It grew from Francis Cabot Lowell's first utopian dream of merging work and life in 1822 (thus to coax the "mill girls" in from the farms). It was tempered by his successor Kirk Boott. Yet it remained a total working city where change was not simply loss. Lowell was the model of an industrial town. Dickens raved about it. Edgar Allan Poe called it the "City of Bells."

Lowell fell into physical and human disrepair with the flight of the textile industry and in our own day the escape of the affluent children of the immigrants. Still, the shell of the city survived: America's communal past lingers there—forgotten as some "utilitarian embarrassment," sloughed off with our working cities and our working parents. But there. As strikingly beautiful in its physical remnants as it is pertinent in its planning philosophy, Lowell remains a model. Despite all the squalid days that came thereafter, the city's origin was an ecological dream that saw workers as more than cogs and wheels. It was an environmental scheme that viewed the landscape as more than a shrine to be roped off from mere human beings.

All this is worth memorializing, and the state of Massachusetts, which funded the first $9.1 million of renewal, calls the complex Heritage Park. Rehabilitation, canal cleanup and the like are now underway. For $40 million more—pennies in the federal scheme of things—the National Park Service will simply have to add picnic areas and run bike and walking paths to the canals and curvaceous riverside park that overlooks the milk-foam waters of the Merrimack and through the planned old New Town. Then they will stage exhibits to tell the way we were: from "How Water Power Was Generated" to "Why Bosses Act That Way."

In short order, it would seem, the Park Service's first National Cultural Park could serve up a "19th-century slice of the landscape" and help an impoverished population build an "Industrial Williamsburg" that still breathes.

The job neither begins nor ends in Lowell, however. To refurbish this weepy city of the Northeast demands a mini-revolution in the Park Service, whose ranks are notorious among urbanites for their definition of a park as a campsite and the city as a cage. To get grudging recognition was tough work. By the time the Lowell team—architects and planners David A. Crane and Partners; Gelardin/Bruner/Cott, and Michael Sand and Associates—had come out with their study for the Lowell Historic District Canal Commission, the *Urban* National Cultural Park had lost its naughty word. Just plain National Cultural Park is the phrase. "The word 'urban' is out," Lowell school Superintendent Patrick Mogan comments dryly. Mogan, who pioneered the rebirth of canal-bound Lowell, knows that it is a red flag. The wide-open-spaces mentality of the Park Service has trouble enough with people in the *wilds*, never mind looking for it among the urban hordes.

It has taken strong allies—Department of the Interior committee chairman Rep. Morris Udall, and House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill in concert with the offices of Lowell Rep. Paul Tsongas and Massachusetts Gov. Michael Dukakis—to combat the entrenched attitude. The view of the city as more pathology than playground does not die. As an institution for the wilderness, the Park Service is a bureaucracy staffed in the Smokey-the-Bear stereotype, with a fragment servicing the so-called "cannonball circuit" of battle sites. The main division is charged with preserving the "untouched" continent; the secondary ranks that care for the war monuments and a few historic or Presidential shrines are barely visible.

As everyone knows, this preservation is not easy; the Park Service's fencing activity grows tougher every year; the national parks have become too popular for their own good. Larger patterns of suburban development creep over the wilderness landscape; traffic clogs the Grand Canyon. Not even the highest peaks of Alaska are immune. Fortunately, Congress has lately recognized this overcrowding and a conservation-minded contingent has ordered that the Park Service tend to the masses close at home.

It is this mandate that holds the hope

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for Lowell's recycling and is most encouraging to underdog urbanites. Consider the implications if 19th-century cities were seen as "safety valves" for the wilderness. What if their revitalization became an alternative to the rampant development of farm land? The question persists in a new energy-conscious era: could a livelier, more livable city save the shrinking countryside? Could a new ethnic awareness, a new look at urban, immigrant and working roots send us back to care for their geographical source? Could the watery world of Lowell serve as a city park in the Northeast—a restored enclave to divert the fleeing crowds?

With such questions in mind, consult the streets and canals of Lowell. Your guide can only be Patrick Mogan. The white-haired, pink-cheeked educator has pushed the Lowell plan from an eccentric notion to near reality. Led by this persuasive companion, it is as hard to overlook the staggering potential of this city of 90,000 as it is to ignore its decay. For decades now, Lowell has headed lists of unemployment, poverty and the other statistics of mill towns *in extremis*. Perhaps the integrity of its old working-living parts insured that the economic corpse could not sustain a half-life once the working mills were gone.

Amazingly, though, on Mogan's tour you can still see the skeleton intact. Six million of the original 10 million square feet of brick mills stand and the waters still flow. Canal by canal, gatehouse by gatehouse, lock by lock, with the placid surfaces of the man-made canals on one side and the turbulent Merrimack on the other, you can trace the water's route. A few paces into this network you lose sight and sound of the city that the 5.6 miles lace. Sometimes bucolic, sometimes dramatic (one section earned the name "Little Niagara" in its day), the views are splendid. Is there a city waterway like it in America? I know of none. On Sundays, the folk of Lowell used to stroll along the Northern Canal, "lined with a double colonnade of trees, tastefully laid out with green plants and beautiful summer promenades." It is not hard to imagine, even today. The sluice gates still creak open, barges still push through the murky canal (despite too-low new highway bridges!) and that sense-of-place endures. Surely "adaptive reuse," pedestrianization, energy conservation—the whole new vocabulary of urban design—fit this compact and charming place.

Run the reel in reverse, however. Leave the water's edge to walk back through the stone and brick city. Observe the grimy street. See the ungainly signage, parking lots, sleazy modernizations and obscured water arteries, and you wonder. The friendly ghosts are gone. Downtown wears the drab of poverty; you barely sense that you are within brush of the canal, that oasis where small boys swung by you on trees from ropes over the water and wild berries ripened in the summer days.

"I tell them to walk down Main Street and look *above* the first floor," Alex Kidaloski, aide to Lowell Rep. Paul Tsongas, keeps saying as he comes along on our walk. The Congressman's office, Mogan and the others are pushing the plan beyond a study into this national program, but Lowell—"above the first floor"—also asserts itself. Just above eye level, you can see a textbook of building styles. They fill the pages of the Lowell revivalists' walking tour pamphlets and the planners' bulging book of proposals.

The century-old architecture reveals the talents of street-scape and structure that were the Victorians' gift: there is all the polychrome banding, the brick work, the gargoyles for those who dote on ornament; the care in mass and composition for those who appreciate the solid Richardson Romanesque of City Hall or the civil order in shop façades. Already, you can see how the impetus for renewal has produced cobbled streets and private re-habs, both good and mediocre, downtown. The Pilling Mill has been spruced up handsomely into a $3.2 million housing unit for the elderly near the Francis Gatehouse; separate city shops are cleaning up.

To Mogan, however, the less visible portions matter more: he cares as much for the rising ethnic and historic consciousness as for the physical recycling. History—spelled story—is what he likes to tell. The story of a nation of industry and a nation of immigrants is never long absent from the lips of this galvanic Irishman. His delight is not in a bucolic Jeffersonian vision nor in picturesque greenery. His vision is human; his urge is for an honest ethnic identity, and his educator's mission is to show the productive "downstairs" life behind America's aristocratic "upstairs." Hide it, flee it, flatten it, deny it, our identity lies in this urban industrial past and Mogan has sermonized to all who would listen. His—and now perhaps the Park Service's—tale is "the story of how people coped with the Industrial Revolution." The Lowell park could tell that story—"a story that America has to know for its own salvation," so Mogan says. A Lowell revival could bring roots to a whole nation and repair to a whole town, he maintains.

Before the Cambridge planners, the Washington bureaucrats, the State House recyclers, the energy-resource hoarders or all the followers of Alex Haley's comet had found modishiness in the old, Mogan saw the search for our *collective* heritage here as vital: as a way to revive Lowell for those who lived there; not as candle sales or fans of fern but as confirmation of their past.

Seventeen ethnic groups quilt this town, he tells you, pointing here and there to the neighborhoods where they live. Poles, Greeks, French Canadians, Irish and so on. He says, "They believe the things of their life have no value." America taught them that only the monoculture of the Yankees was worthwhile and, since the idyll of that culture lay in the suburbs, there they must go. So the rising ethnics fled, leaving behind the weak, the poor, the hopeless to their urban fate. Mogan saw those left behind in the city, and saw them in the schools and "came to the conclusion that the

THE STONE'S THROW

Tell me something. I don't care what.
Tell me despair is a dress that opens;

The nail, doubtless, is driven straight down
Into the twisted cedar post.

Say death is listening at the door.

Tell me how, between opposites, to tell
The relative from the absolute;

Why the creek sobs out at the start of spring,
Though the spring sun, among stars, is undistinguished.

Paper rose, stone's throw: show me the smallest necessities
Joining hands to complete the world.

James Galvin

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schools were fighting a battle that they couldn't win." Leaving the school department, he formalized his preaching into a "Human Services Corporation," a social agency whose services were not conventionally "social." Nor were they part of the conventional 1950s renewal mores. These, Lowell people could see, were proving disastrous in the nearby mill town of Lawrence, which took the 1950s' way to salvation—flatten, franchise, asphalt—and lost more than it gained.

Lowell, in contrast, had the invisible ally of neglect during those days and if it now comes alive, it owes a debt to poverty as well as to Patrick Mogan's tenacity.

Simply put, no one could afford to apply the drastic remedies to the town—it simply was not worthwhile to fill the waters or flatten the mills. Hence, Lowell's physical structure survived; its urban systems endured for a new generation that can appreciate the seventeen trains a day that make the forty-minute run from Boston. Now this generation recognizes how the water power from a bygone mill may supply all its fuel in another recycling project. This small 14-square-mile city designed with foot traffic in mind could serve a new walking ethic; the 26 miles of park bordering the water could mesh in a more livable place. "Lowell is coherent," as Mogan sums the current state of mind.

Lowell's new plans play on that coherence. A $25 million sewerage project, for instance, is "piggybacked" (i.e., covered) by a pedestrian and bike path installation. Mixed-income housing would fit well in one old mill; the Lowell Museum is set to go into another. As tightly webbed as Francis Cabot Lowell's layout, such projects foresee an integrated life for rich and poor, tourist and native. Whether or not they can right enormous economic ills no one knows, but at least the planners have the sense to plot their goal—as a total environment—the total environment that might also tell the Lowell story for America's "salvation."

"It was comprehensive in conception, it was efficient in operation, and it conformed to folk custom," Coolidge wrote of Lowell at its peak. "It is these very qualities which are the ideal of every designer of housing today," he added in 1942—about the time when this dream of architecture had reached its nadir. The descent from the Lowell model of good housing and an egalitarian landscape was precipitous but not ruinous to Lowell. The remnants are still there; the artifacts and environments exist; the visions in the minds of those devoted to its ethnic past and present. All these may combine now with the changing perspective of the Park Service and the leverage of key politicians. If they can do so and if they can be embodied in the physical structure of a National Cultural Park, we will have more than mere design; we will have a remarkable working city and showcase—a monument to our collective roots and to Lowell's utopian dream of environmental wholeness. □

The Elusive Trilling (Part I)

MARK SHECHNER

This is the first section of a two-part essay, the second half of which will appear in the next issue.

When Lionel Trilling died in 1975 it was generally agreed that literature had lost the most influential critic of the postwar era and that, in effect, an office of literary studies had fallen vacant. Trilling had long since become something more than just a critic; he was a *figure*, and almost that rarest of creatures, an academic celebrity. Even when he spoke for no one but himself he was looked upon as a spokesman and came, in time, to be something of a standard source, a coiner of commonplaces.

Among his special advantages was standing in both the academy and the cockpit of literary politics and polemic: New York. He was a pivotal figure among the New York intellectuals, and though he was among them a *primus inter pares*, a crude silhouette of his career would look like a shadow of what they all had experienced. He was a Jew, and as a Jew had been schooled, if ever so briefly, in the Left politics of the 1930s, whose programmatic views he was quick to forsake for the sense of "variousness and possibility" represented by Arnold, James, Forster, Mill, Freud and Hegel. Like most New York intellectuals he styled himself a modernist even though he distrusted modernism and was more at ease with the 19th century, whose complex ideas and thick textures were more congenial to his own styles of moral concern. He shared with the others the view of literature as the expression of history, politics, class and the *Zeitgeist* (as a Hegelian, he maintained sufficient faith in the material life to invoke class as an *idea* of great power), and made a practice of keeping watch over the trends and wrinkles of what his circle agreed to call "the culture," which consisted largely of the opinions and social habits of the Eastern, liberal intelligentsia. But he was also a scholar, a teacher, and an historian of modern social thought whose early books on Matthew Arnold (1939) and E.M. Forster (1943) and later studies of Freud took him beyond the customary range of New York intellectual life, giving him the sort of credentials in the Modern Language Association and International Psychoanalytic Association which heightened his stature in *Partisan* and *Kenyon Review* circles. In addition, as an editor of *The Readers' Subscription*, Trilling enjoyed a successful venture into the commercial side of letters—something of a rarity for an academic. As others have noted, Trilling felt no contradiction in any of this: rather, he took exception to the view that the life of the mind gained strength from its exclusions or profited from its streamlinings.

Though the advantages that attend such a marriage of dedicated scholarship to ideological savoir-faire and commercial success have lately devolved upon Irving Howe, including the access to publicity and glamour that are special byproducts of success in New York, the differences that highlight Trilling's uniqueness are now all the more plain. Trilling's influence was bound up with a certain kind of reticence and irony. Howe's voice these days is unmistakably charged with the vitality of his bluntness and the authority of his learning; it is a recognizably urban voice, pugnacious and smart, its assertiveness honed to a point by scholarship, whereas Trilling's more diffident notes needed the amplitude that was to be gained in the acoustical chamber of his outpost upon Morningside Heights. To listen now to critics as different as Norman Podhoretz, Steven Marcus, Quentin Anderson and Morris Dickstein is to hear the modulations and overtones of Trilling. The difference between Howe and Trilling is not only the difference between two drastically dissimilar styles of being Jewish but between the City University and Columbia, that is, between New York in its immanent and its transcendent modes.

Though much of Trilling's stature was bound up with his position as a Jewish

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intellectual who had achieved recognition in the protected and largely anti-Semitic enclave of Ivy League humanities, it is hard to think of him as Jewish at all. Only rarely did his thoughts come to rest on Jewish themes, and nothing in his personal elegance or the suave composure of his writing suggested the restlessness and combativeness we now regard as the special contributions of Eastern European Jews to the style of American thought. He was no browbeater. The word that comes to mind in trying to place Trilling "ethnically" is *cosmopolitan*, by which is meant a certain Jewish internationalism, a penchant for reading literature as a symptom of the cultural and political situation, an easy familiarity with European ideas, a working knowledge of Marx and Freud and, not least, charm.

One of the more prominent aspects of Trilling's character was his refusal to honor limitations upon thought that seem to belong to race, moment and milieu or, as he called it, culture. Though he never failed to lend culture his grudging endorsement, Freudian that he was, he normally fretted over its moral coerciveness, and it might be supposed that his adventures in Jewish literary circles in the 1920s, no less than among the organized Left in the 1930s, were on his mind in later years when he spoke fearfully of "cultural omnipotence" and expressed concern over the growing homogeneity and seductiveness of American culture. Though Trilling was anything but a social rebel, his insistence on standing apart from the cultural *donnée* and his disposition to decline the convenient adoption of ready-made identities suited him well to becoming a Jewish "exception" at Columbia College in the 1930s, where for many years, as he would recall, he was looked upon openly as an experiment.

Trilling began publishing in 1925 in Elliot Cohen and Henry Hurwitz's *Menorah Journal*, the monthly publication of the Menorah Society, whose broad purpose was the formation of a nonsectarian, humanist, and progressive Jewish consciousness in America. But he readily deserted that magazine and its efforts at "cultivated" Jewishness in 1930 for the swifter tides of the intellectual mainstream, which meant largely *The Nation* and *The New Republic*, but included a brief and gingerly debut as a leftist in V.F. Calverton's *Modern Quarterly/Modern Monthly*.

In 1944, reflecting on the depth and import of his Jewishness, he declined to waste any nostalgia on his youthful torments over his Jewish identity, with which the better part of his *Menorah Journal* stories and essays had concerned themselves, or to discover any redeeming grace in the parochialism of organized Jewish life. "As the Jewish community now exists," he harshly observed, "it can give no sustenance to the American artist or intellectual who is born a Jew. And so far as I am aware, it has not done so in the past. I know of writers who have used their Jewish experience as the subject of excellent work; I know of no writer in English who has added a micromillimetre to his stature by 'realizing his Jewishness,' although I know of some who have curtailed their promise by trying to heighten their Jewish consciousness." Subsequently, amid much stir, he refused Elliot Cohen's invitation to take part in the founding and operation of *Commentary*, and it is symptomatic of the chill that settled over his relations with that most forward-looking of Jewish enterprises in the 1940s and 1950s that *Commentary* neglected to review either *The Middle of the Journey* (1947) or *The Liberal Imagination* (1950) when they were published.

But the brand of cosmopolitanism that Trilling adopted in place of the discarded Jewishness was anything but a dimensionless receptivity to ideas, for it featured a special proclivity for the literature and thought of England's Victorian age. Such a thoroughgoing Anglophilia was both idiosyncratic and commonplace; though unique in its devotion, it followed certain lines of cultural force that were bound to affect a Jewish literary intellectual whose education had put him in touch with the expressive powers of the English language and the enormous vitality of English literature, and who could train himself, as most did, to look past the distressing presence of the Fagins, Shylocks, Bleisteins and Jews of Malta who are native to the Anglo-Saxon view of evil.

The strain of Anglophilia that was particularly intense in Trilling was latent in the very schooling of his generation; in more attenuated form it had an effect on Alfred Kazin, Saul Bellow and Delmore Schwartz, and became particularly visible in the hundreds of Jewish academics who flocked into "English" after the war and quickly became leading authorities on Shakespeare, Joyce, James, *Paradise Lost*, and *The Faerie Queene*. Though the gap between British and traditional Jewish culture would seem to be enormous—and we have Maurice Samuel's *The Gentleman and the Jew* to argue the differences—there are points of moral contact that make the transfer of loyalties relatively convenient. It is not difficult for a Jew who has been indoctrinated at home in habits of responsibility, prudence, thrift, achievement and other moral austerities of the "Protestant ethic" to lend sympathy to a literature so saturated with a concern for individual conduct as the British, and especially the Victorian, with its stress on faith, discipline, stoic forbearance and self-improvement. It was the appeal of one culture grounded upon ethical precept for another.

If Jewish literary intellectuals were to forsake the Torahs and Talmuds of their fathers for secular learning, they were not so far afield in finding spiritual brotherhood with a culture whose "Hebraizing" tradition could be traced all the way back to *Piers Plowman* and whose moral tone was adopted from the very Bible of the Jews, and in the thrilling cadences of the King James translation at that. Taking on English manners and morals was not like choosing to become, say, a Hindu or a Navajo; no strenuous rites of conversion were demanded. From the standpoint of professional survival in the world of high WASP gentility, such a transformation was one way a Jew might soften the blow of his presence in those "exclusive" but troubled circles that could be persuaded to try out a Jew of the proper sort, and for self-conscious young Jews, a generation removed from the pushcart and the sweatshop, being the proper sort of Jew was no small concern.

By the end of the war, when so many of the institutional walls came tumbling down, the individual passion for correctness intensified in the face of real opportunities, and drawing the line between the Jew and the Yid within oneself was a major preoccupation of the academically minded sons of the garment district who chose books over bookkeeping and took Trilling for the very model of successful comportment. In the 1940s, one heard no demands for kosher service in the faculty dining clubs. Though Delmore Schwartz, affecting a grudge against Jewish high-mindedness, would complain, no doubt with Trilling in mind, of those sons of the ghetto who cultivated a "fantastic precision of speech and an accent which is more English than the English accent," it is not to be thought that all was convenience and assimilation where Trilling was concerned, for that seriously underestimates the Jewish affection for the English language and English literature that Trilling and Schwartz shared, and overlooks the anxious search for an appropriate high style that engaged all Jewish writers and intellectuals in the 1940s.

Trilling, then, was a complex figure: a

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WARM PASTURES

Half the night sky deep cloud
and rain falls
through moonlight

—

Moonlight before dawn
voices of plovers waking in flight
over foggy pastures

—

Birds' feet
scratch the tin roof
daybreak

—

Lighthouse goes on
flashing flashing
as the sun rises

—

Still not seasoned
rooftree runs through row
of old sparrow nests

—

The first light
is climbing the road
through black trees

—

Hearing rain on big leaves
I look up
and all the white birds have gone

—

Can't see the rain
but see where
the sand jumps

—

Loud rain
fog on the hills
mud from the faucets

Week of rain
voice of ground dove
from wet woods

—

As he mends
the wire pasture fence
the waves keep breaking behind him

—

Black cows
by late morning
are the big tree's shadow

—

How far the plover comes
to stand in the grass
by the stairs

—

Peel the round-ended
pineapple fields
off the raw hills

—

Crop-duster pilot goes
home and washes his
hands his hands

—

Christmas Eve bright sunlight
white smoke
smelling of sugar

—

Sun drops into smoke
the cane fields appear
burning

—

In the wild
they know
they are rare

In the gold evening
the tall trees are leaning
toward the flying voices

—

Shadow
overflows a spring
down in the pasture

—

Another cloud
at evening passing
the distant island

—

Suddenly the shadows
of the wheeling plovers
go out

—

As the year was ending
I heard a breath
start the tin windmill

—

When the moon sets
the sea slowly
disappears

—

Fond of the clock
because of the hours
it has told

—

In the night grass
cricket is travelling
into one note

—

I wake touching her
and lie still to listen
to the warm night

W. S. Merwin

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principled antagonist of culture, including all available versions of Jewishness, and a superbly acculturated gentleman and master of persona whose very charm had much to do with his mastery of the arts of protective coloration. Such an assumption of a new identity in toto was a very American gesture, even if the new self happened to be an English gentleman. If, in the wake of *Roots* and *World of Our Fathers* and *The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics*, there seems something priggish and fastidious in Trilling's adoption of such High Church accents, his great success at it might be offered in mitigation. His affectations were, if anything, absolutely sincere; as he felt, so did he avow. Nor was this mere "passing"; it was going Protestant America one better by becoming a thoroughly accomplished British man of letters. Still, such achievements had to be paid for in self-consciousness, and if the rhetoric of personal authenticity that highlighted the 1960s was to meet with Trilling's disapproval, it is not difficult to imagine why. In his last book, *Sincerity and Authenticity* (1972), he quoted approvingly Oscar Wilde's aphorism that "the truths of metaphysics are the truths of masks," as if Wilde had given his endorsement to the rich blend of masks and metaphysics in Trilling's own character and thought. □

Two Mandarin Stylists

PLAYERS. *By Don DeLillo. Alfred A. Knopf. 212 pp. $7.95.*

PORTRAIT OF A ROMANTIC. *By Steven Millhauser. Alfred A. Knopf. 373 pp. $9.95.*

J.D. O'HARA

In one of his brief meditations E.M. Cioran asserts that "the difference between intelligence and stupidity resides in the manipulation of the adjective, whose use without diversity constitutes banality." Today's adjectives are provided by Peter Quennell, who divides most literature into the categories of Mandarin and Vernacular. You will recognize the justice of the categories immediately, even without definition, and you will admit that it is unfair to describe only the Mandarins as stylists. If one's manipulation of the adjective offers an index of intelligence, so do one's grammatical structures: intelligence displays itself in the combining of ideas, and a sentence that contains many ideas, and therefore many words, is or may be a sign of the quality of the author's intelligence, unless it is as obviously padded as this sentence turns out to be. But the authors of the King James Bible were no dolts. Simplicity is also difficult. Their translation's simplicity is a feat of style. Writers who reduce life to essences, as Beckett does, are not necessarily simple.

But this is overselling the obvious, since readers nowadays tend to prefer Vernacular writers. This may be traced to the famous decline in American literacy, as a result of which linguistic and intellectual complexity baffles them. It may stem from our earnest moral confusion of simplicity with truth, our assumption that existence is reducible to sets of equations as apparently easy as $E=mc^2$. It may come from our related notion that complexity is a sign of glibness and therefore of deceitfulness. (A recently reported study asserted that students whose teachers say "um" and "er" a lot consider those teachers thoughtful and even wise.) It may be that readers nowadays are just plain tired. In any case, one cannot welcome the appearance (simultaneous, as if alone would be too dangerous) of new novels by Don DeLillo and Steven Millhauser with simple cries of joy, as one should; one finds oneself becoming complicatedly defensive. See above.

It is true that all of DeLillo's earlier novels are available in hard-covers or paperback—*Americana, End Zone, Great Jones Street, Ratner's Star*—and that Millhauser's *Edwin Mullhouse: The Life and Death of an American Writer, 1943-1954, by Jeffrey Cartwright* is soon to be available again (Avon); yet neither writer has gained as wide an audience as he deserves, and both have been stigmatized as stylists of the Mandarin persuasion. DeLillo may suffer more from this, in part because he has written more and therefore accumulated more comments by critics and in part because he is quite mistakenly lumped with those *Lumpen*-mandarins Pynchon, Vonnegut and Barth and then faulted for not glittering as they do or for not penetrating so deeply into the privates of truth. But his work is quite distinct from theirs, and for one basic reason: the Gang of Three sets up simple notions as Deep Truths—Absurdity, Entropy, Exhaustion, for instance—and then devises plots, styles, and characters that will demonstrate these Truths to be true. That's easy. After all, even more than life, literature is susceptible to the self-fulfilling prophecy, since the author gets to play judge, jury, prosecutor and plaintiff all at once.

But DeLillo characteristically accumulates heaps and windrows of material not to prove a *parti pris* but to demonstrate that there are questions; to remind us of the complexities of America, for instance, or to lose us in theories—mathematical, physical, theological, psychological and astronomical—about the origin, process, structure and point of the universe, as in *Ratner's Star*. In his best novel so far, *End Zone*, he piles up evidence in favor of a life of simplicity and withdrawal from action and from the body. But he also proves the value of complexity, activity and physical existence. He persuades us of the importance of knowing oneself—but also of the need to sacrifice that self for the common good. Abstention and commitment, faith and doubt, love and apathy, he demonstrates also that all these opposed or complementary truths enter our lives as part of an evolving process, not simply as static fixities of thought. What's more, his presentation equally confronts us with complementarities. He reports the serious complexities of knowledge—but the novel is set at an absurd school, Logos College, in the Texas boondocks. He sets meditation against action, but the meditation takes place in a dorm, the action on a football field. War games and lectures on nuclear bombing are set against a desert simplicity broken only by a black-painted stone and excrement, reductive images of death and decay. And humor bubbles up continuously in emphasis or counterpoint. The result is Mandarin writing of a dazzling kind; more is always going on than meets the delighted mind, and the whole fertilely outgrows the sum of its parts.

Players is in some ways uncharacteristic. Usually DeLillo focuses on a fairly sympathetic central character, throws him into a complicated new situation that makes extraordinary demands upon his resources, and follows the action from there, accumulating in the process a large supporting cast of characters, ideas and plot lines. But *Players* is comparatively short and simple and narrowly focused: a remarkable introductory chapter, in which a few unnamed passengers watch a Godardish in-flight movie, states the basic themes of the novel, as we realize later. Then we follow two couples from that flight—Ethan Segal and Jack Laws, a sophisticated,

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jaded homosexual couple, and their friends Pam and Lyle Wynant, also sophisticated and jaded New Yorkers. The Segal-Laws relationship begins to break up (Laws wants to move to Maine, imagined as an idyllic pastoral Eden). Pam, like Segal, works for the Grief Management Council, located high above any actual grief in the World Trade Center. In a cool and superficial way, she is unhappy. ("She hated her life. It was a minor thing, though, a small bother. She tended to forget about it.") Lyle, who is a stockbroker, becomes unstuck from his routine when a fellow broker is shot and killed on the floor of the Stock Exchange. And so the characteristic DeLillo novel begins, though with a scattered emphasis: the Segal-Laws and the Wynants, rebels out of repletion, fulfillment and possession rather than envy, want and failure, begin to alter their lives and undermine their security. (Cioran observes that there is no bitterness about life so sharp as that stimulated by a copious meal.) Pam goes off to Maine with Segal and Laws, contrives a brief affair with Laws, and leaves him to kill himself. Lyle, more elaborately, seeks out the chaotic and unprincipled urban guerrillas behind the broker's murder and attempts to join them, as if chaos were organized enough to join like a secret fraternity.

The novel's central themes are important and relevant; DeLillo's handling of them is responsible and suggestive; the characters represent a wide range of intellectual positions and psychological sets; and as always the writing is remarkably good. But the characters lack curiosity. Though they are sometimes intelligent they are tired or distracted or minimally aware, and they block DeLillo from exploring the implications of his material in his usual exuberant fashion. This is not to denigrate the novel; indeed, for readers accustomed to the Vernacular style *Players* is an excellent introduction to DeLillo's strange new worlds.

Millhauser's first novel received wide critical attention and excellent reviews but few readers. (Although those readers tend to grapple him to their soul with hoops of steel.) If these facts mean anything, they probably mean not that Millhauser is a coterie writer but that he is less confusable with other writers than even DeLillo. We tend not to like new things; for this reason our first question about a novelty is likely to be "what's it like?" If it is like nothing we know, we shy away. In art this happens all the time. When we say that a first-rate writer must create his own audience, we mean little more than that he must bring out latent tastes in his audience since he has chosen not to appeal to those already developed. In *Edwin Mullhouse* and now in *Portrait of a Romantic* Millhauser deals with topics that Anglo-American life and art have worn down into clichés over the last two centuries: the child, growing up, school days, nature and nurture, the fall from innocence, sex, all that jazz. What with Wordsworth, Dickens, Twain, Joyce, Hemingway and Salinger, to name only them, and all the grisly psychos who have done their work on Alice when she was jung and easily freudened, to say nothing of our own childhoods, there is probably no one who would deny being an expert on these materials.

But Millhauser has managed to put things differently; no wonder people backed off nervously. Although one reads *Edwin Mullhouse* with recurrent pops of amused recognition—that's it exactly! that's the way it was! I'd forgotten!—one also reads with a steadily deepening realization that Millhauser has much more on his mind than childhood games and games with childhood, and that his 13-year-old narrator Jeffrey has considerably more on his mind, and his conscience, than an affectionate biography

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of his late neighbor, good buddy, and budding writer Edwin. There are deep waters and dark passages, and curious discoveries about art, readers and human relationships. Like a movie about children from which children are banned by the movies' censorship code, *Edwin Mullhouse* is hardly a children's book, though definitely a book for former children.

Portrait of a Romantic carries many of the same topics into later and darker stages, though its relationship to the first novel is too complex to be stated briefly. Early on, Tolstoy wrote a trilogy of novels, *Childhood*, *Boyhood* and *Youth*. Millhauser seems to have embarked upon a similar sequence, developing, with different characters, similar or related themes and settings and giving them a chronological basis. But there the comparison ends; Millhauser's preoccupations are with the dark, disturbing and destructive forces of our growing up, and with the curious foreshadowings of maturity they reveal. If the Millhauser child is father of the man, Wordsworth would be appalled.

There is no artist like Edwin in *Portrait*, and no work like Edwin's novel *Cartoons*. The artists of this novel, boys on their way into and through high school, are characteristic Romantics; they take themselves as their material and life as their *magnum opus* . . . and if that sounds pompous and overblown, think back to yourself as a teen-aged romantic; the tone is appropriate. Here's how the novel, told retrospectively by its now-29-year-old hero, begins:

> Mother of myself, myself I sing: lord of loners, duke of dreams, king of the clowns. Youth and death I sing, sunbeams and moonbeams, laws and breakers of laws. I, Arthur Grumm, lover and killer.

As Millhauser brought unexpected significant issues into the bright Connecticut childhoods of *Edwin Mullhouse*, so into this one ("I was born in the shady corner of a sunny Connecticut town," Arthur says) he introduces love and death, with proper childhood comedy (the sex scenes are among the funniest ever written, surely) but also with traditional overblown romanticism. ("*L'Amour et la Mort n'est qu'une même chose*," as Ronsard put it.) All the adolescent withdrawals from life and affirmation, from hostile delinquents up against scrawled walls through the boredom and weariness and languor and indifference of exasperating adolescence, are reported, photographed and evoked here; but once again Millhauser refuses simply to *remind* us. Interlarded with the dull summers, classrooms and Ping-Pong games are grimmer matters, from the sick comedy of a preference for sickness over health ("So began Eleanor's relentless recovery. It was as if her illness were sick, and no longer had strength enough to resist the infection of health") as far as the psychological sickness and even horror of blood-brother pacts, Russian roulette, suicide clubs, and violent death . . . to name only them.

The whole comic and frightening story is reported in Arthur Grumm's self-indulgent hothouse prose, but it is shaped also by Millhauser's cool artistic intelligence, recurrently reminding the reader to keep a safe distance. (The *Edwin Mullhouse* fan will find some amusing reminders of that novel, and Rose Dorn rises from her ashes to make a ghost appearance.) While DeLillo characteristically widens his novels to admit as many variations on a theme as possible, Millhauser opts for depth, digging into the dark basements and abandoned mine shafts of his sobering topics. But they are both witty and perceptive, they both use language as if it were still alive, and they complement each other well. Taken together, daily, with orange juice, they remind us of the strange forces panting behind our façades of time and space, and occasionally lurching against them and buckling the scenery.

Everything about these novels suggests that their themes are of serious concern to their authors. They have not been chosen arbitrarily or fashionably, they have not been elaborated out of mere diligence, and the authors presumably feel strongly about them. But as Cioran reminds us, "The prose-writer must conquer his first impulse, forbid himself the temptation of sincerity: all faults of taste come from the 'heart.' " During World War II military censors claimed that they could always identify the honest love letters—they were awful; the good ones were too artful by half. Of course the censors may merely have reflected our national prejudice against Mandarin writing; but in any case the aritst must be artful, and the Mandarin avoids the vulgarities of sincerity in part by distancing himself from the voices of his fictions. This necessitates no heavy irony; detachment will do it. DeLillo, one guesses, finds the major characters of *Players* rather distasteful, and unromantic Millhauser would probably not ask Arthur Grumm home to meet the folks. But neither author intrudes upon us with the tempting sincerity of a tastelessly direct statement to this effect, nor do they insert résumés of their own philosophical and moral positions. DeLillo reports on his people in a third-person narrative and Millhauser lets Arthur tell his own artful tale, but both authors stay the hell out of it, as they should, letting their selection and arrangement of characters and incidents speak for them. They speak eloquently and memorably. With all the odd overtones proper to artistic enjoyment, you will enjoy these novels. □

The Wit & Wisdom of the Bull-Frog

ENEMIES OF SOCIETY. *By Paul Johnson. Atheneum Publishers. 278 pp. $9.95.*

THE TOTALITARIAN TEMPTATION. *By Jean-François Revel. Doubleday & Co. 311 pp. $8.95.*

JOHN TAYLOR

Paul Johnson's polemic is incorrigibly English, which is to say disarmingly cocksure. Though it would be an exaggeration to object that every other paragraph begins with "The truth is . . .," pontifical phrases recur often enough to set a tone of complacent omniscience. The author knows. Better informed than Kenneth Clark (he of the interminable BBC series), Mr. Johnson *really* knows what civilization is: it is Christian, liberal, democratic, industrial and capitalist. He knows the purpose of civilization: the pursuit of truth in freedom. He knows who created civilization: the urban middle class, virtually unaided. And he knows who the enemies of civilization are: ". . . those who, for whatever motive, deny, distort, minimize, exaggerate or poison the truth, and who falsify the processes of reason. At all times civilization has its enemies, though they are constantly changing their guise and their weapons. The great defensive art is to detect and unmask them before the damage they inflict becomes fatal." John Bull to the rescue.

As a zealous practitioner of "the great defensive art," Mr. Johnson does an efficient and often entertaining job of unmasking and debunking. His enemies

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list, long even by White House standards, includes just about everybody whose errors are elementary enough for the author to detect: ecologists ("middle-class cranks"); sociologists and psychologists (their sciences "consist of intuitive generalities which are presented as empirical laws"); academic philosophers (especially Wittgenstein who consecrated himself to the search for "pseudo-solutions to non-problems"); officials and specialists of any description who traffic in euphemism and jargon; Marxists ("the real attraction of Marxism, at any rate in its modern debased versions, is that it is an all-purpose explanation of the universe together with a construction-kit for an earthly paradise"); Freudians and psychiatrists in general (their "pseudo-science" is based on "a concept of truthfulness akin to imaginative literature"); Marcuse ("the tutelary deity of the student Fascist Left"); McLuhan; Illich; and everyone else who peddles a theory that purports to explain all. Being a good Englishman, Mr. Johnson is particularly incensed by the French. Teilhard de Chardin is "a classic case not merely of a pseudo-intellectual, but of a French pseudo-intellectual." "During the phoney war, 1939-40, Sartre was a meteorological clerk in the Maginot Line, where he performed the dialectically symbolic role of releasing hot-air balloons to test the wind."

Good show, as the author's clubmates would say. The spectacle is marvelously uplifting. Mr. Johnson, who knows a mountebank when he reads one, is fearless in his defiance of contemporary fashion, and the vigor with which he lays about him summons us all to smite the infidel. But before we hurl ourselves into the melee, we might pause to consider Mr. Johnson's apparent conviction that liberal capitalist democracy—the society of his title—and civilization are coextensive. Santayana would have had his doubts:

> Civilization might be taken as a purely descriptive term, like *Kultur*, rather than as a eulogistic one; it might simply indicate the possession of instruments, material and social, for accomplishing all sorts of things, whether those things were worth accomplishing or not. If we insist on taking civilization as a term of praise, we must mean by it something like institutions making for the highest happiness; and what such happiness is could not be defined without plunging into moral philosophy, in which no two persons would agree.

Does it matter when we do battle for liberal capitalist democracy if we follow Mr. Johnson and equate it with civilization in the eulogistic sense? Probably not if all we seek to do is to defend our particular form of society from the anathemas of unappreciative schismatics. Indeed, there may be some tactical or psychological advantage in asserting that we alone are civilized, just as the Chinese buoyed their morale by insisting that theirs was the *Middle* Kingdom, occupying the very center of the universe. But to the extent that we are concerned to understand our circumstances and human possibilities, we might remind ourselves from time to time that in some respects liberalism and human nature are at odds. In the aftermath of World War I Santayana observed:

> A chief part of the liberal inspiration was the love of peace, safety, comfort, and general information; it aimed at stable wealth, it insisted on education, it venerated culture. It was wholly out of sympathy with the wilder instincts of man, with the love of foraging, of hunting, of fighting, of plotting, of carousing, or of doing penance. . . . In inviting every man to be free and autonomous it assumed that, once free, he would wish to be rich, to be educated, and to be demure. How could he possibly fail to covet a way of life, which, in the eyes of liberals, was so obviously the best?

In beating the drum for liberal capitalist democracy, Mr. Johnson allows polemical license to obscure the probability that some of the attitudes and aspirations fundamental to liberalism are unlikely to gain permanent acceptance anywhere. Humanity appears to be, at least in part, something other than liberal—which makes it necessary to distinguish between the enemies of Mr. Johnson's society, and those of civilization.

M. Revel's polemic is quintessentially French, which is to say rigorously inconclusive. Like Mr. Johnson, the author is a trenchant champion of liberal capitalist democracy, but what he really longs for is something he perversely calls "socialism." M. Revel's arbitrary appropriation of that dog-eared term is bound to cause confusion, for his version of socialism has nothing to do with Marxist nostrums or with the state as owner-manager of anything. Quite the contrary. His socialism is liberal, capitalist and democratic—but also global, and that's

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what he's really after: a political and economic world order that can cope with global problems globally. In the author's view two obstacles block the realization of this ideal, namely, communism and the nation-state. *The Totalitarian Temptation* is a polemic against both.

M. Revel begins by raising some provocative questions about communism's strange career. "Why," he asks, "did the huge amount of evidence available for decades on Communist states have so little impact on so many Western minds, third-world people and the mainstream of historic evolution? Why are democratic states, inside and outside their area, vilified much more than totalitarian states? . . . Why is the philosophy of the less attractive and less affluent of the two systems becoming more and more popular?"

Our apparent heedlessness prompts the author to speculate that modern man harbors "an unacknowledged desire to live under Stalinism, not in spite of what it is, but because of what it is." Conceivably so, though the existence of unacknowledged desires must be difficult to establish, and the practical effect of their influence impossible to measure. M. Revel is nevertheless persuasive in arguing that for various elites in the Western democracies totalitarianism constitutes a kind of temptation. That temptation "is driven by a hatred on principle of industrial, commercial civilization, and would exist even if it were proved that people in that civilization were better fed, in better health and better (or less badly) treated than in any other."

Whence this inexplicable hatred? The author traces it to residual Christian prejudice: "Money is sinful, the root of all evil; and if freedom was born of economic development, then it too suffers from that original sin." This explanation won't do. Years have passed since those among us who hate industrial, commercial civilization could be described as being all that Christian. The author himself concedes that the practice of tyranny and docile submission to it are among the few constants in human history. Indeed, tyranny is much older than Christianity and looks as if it will last much longer.

Yet M. Revel remains puzzled that anyone should persist in rejecting the liberal dispensation. What could be more desirable than peace, safety, comfort and general information? Who could possibly prefer foraging, hunting, fighting, plotting, carousing or doing penance? Human beings, it seems, and quite a few of them, which is one reason totalitarianism is indeed a temptation, at least for those who cherish fantasies of power. It is scarcely necessary to ask whether liberalism and human passions are at times in conflict, but it might be illuminating to discover why that conflict is still so difficult for liberals to recognize.

At his best when disposing of Communist myths about capitalism, M. Revel will doubtless relish the scolding he is certain to get for having the effrontery to mention that "no other form of economy has borne democracy." He rightly insists that "to judge capitalism, we must begin by comparing it to systems that exist or have existed in the past," and not to some nonexistent ideal. "The faults of capitalism are obvious, but we must know whether they are greater or lesser than the faults of other economic systems past or present, whether they are indeed peculiar to capitalism and whether they can or cannot be corrected."

In a curious self-reversal, M. Revel fails to apply the same test to the nation-state. This durable institution he rejects out of hand on the grounds that by its very nature it cannot respond, except in a selfish and egotistical way, to the global scope of contemporary problems. Worse still, continued rivalry among the world's impoverished nationalisms can only result in democracy's extinction. The author's indictment of the nation-state is rigorous and thorough. But is it justified? Perhaps it might be if through comparison he could demonstrate the superiority of some other kind or principle of organization that now exists or has existed in the past. Surprisingly he proposes no alternative to the nation-state, not even a hypothetical choice.

The consequences of this omission for the book as a whole are lamentable. We are entreated to make allowances for capitalism because of its historical, and presumptively integral, relationship to democracy. And yet by implication we are expected to agree that democracy owes nothing to the nation-state in which it arose, that the connection between the two is merely apparent and accidental.

It is disconcerting that an observer of M. Revel's acuity should lapse into non sequitur. Why is competition among capitalist entities a good thing, if competition among other kinds of entities—nation-states, for example—is undesirable? Has it been demonstrated that competition among nation-states is mainly destructive? If it is, then by what magic did competition among capitalists become beneficial? These are some of the questions M. Revel leaves unanswered, and as a result his censure of the nation-state leads nowhere in particular. Despite these limitations, the rest of his book is well worth reading for what he has to say about the Western democracies and their apparent loss of nerve. □

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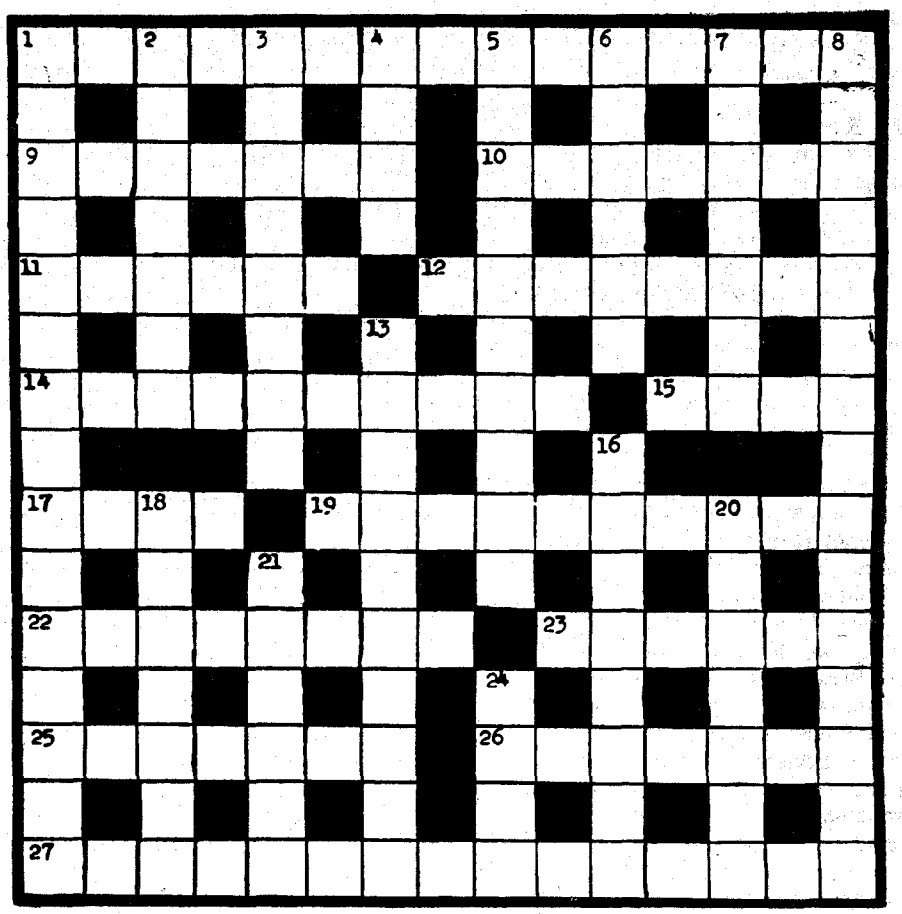

ACROSS

1 Not holding the original shape and color of a wallflower. (9,6)
9 One who crawls to a stop on the road, possibly. (7)
10 At one, being altogether, for a clue. (7)
11 Look in an old-fashioned way to a couple of articles, and feel disgust. (6)
12 Special marks for the sort of magistrate not concerned with this. (8)
14 You might cultivate it, but you'll have to sort out the women later. (10)
15 Decoration sometimes drawn on the target. (4)
17 This ran out of the money. (4)
19 Such a combination might suggest the centaur's mate. (10)
22 Classical, in a sense. (4-4)
23 Used to be emphatic or reflexive, and stifle, in a way. (6)
25 Pelagic. (7)
26 The clue might be the opposite of right in! (7)
27 If you're flat on your back, you might, with medicine. (4,2,5,4)

DOWN

1 Such a habit might remind one of the end of the bird. (7-4,4)
2 If you start something inside, you might do this outside later. (7)
3 Not a carefully groomed flock—rather, the caretaker. (8)
4 The Greek I found in Cypriot antiquity. (4)
5 To make us see ought to be better as a place to stay. (10)
6 Attack by words or arguments. (6)
7 What a boy's thumb prevented. (7)
8 The original plot of "The Fall of Man"? (3,6,2,4)
13 This devilish bad comedian, Al? (10)
16 Chasing flies, perhaps, or just batting, as they say. (8)
18 Not really a tannery, it's gone down about the end of the year, in short. (3,4)
20 Some art form associated with the band. (7)
21 Is Hans disturbed by this, or is it just the province of China? (6)
24 One who practices a certain discipline even in the embryo gives it. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1692

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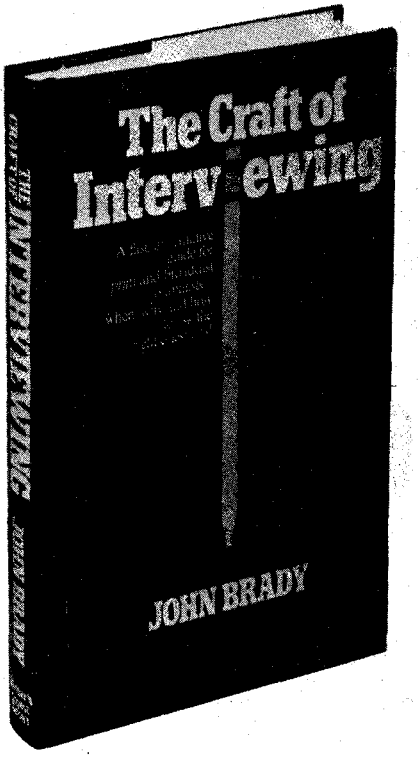

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